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THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

A Historical Romance.

BY

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."—Ecclesiastes, ix. 15.

"Thou hast led captivity captive."—Psalm lxviii. 18.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD MAN IN NEW DAYS.

Before the sun had touched the roofs of the town of Cap—while the streets lay cool and grey under the heights, which glowed in the flames of sunrise—most of the inhabitants were up and stirring. Euphrosyne Revel was at her grandfather's chamber-door; first listening for his call, and then softly looking in, to see whether he could still be sleeping. The door opened and shut by a spring, so that the old man did not hear the little girl as she entered, though his sleep was not sound. As Euphrosyne saw how restless he was, and heard him mutter, she thought she would rouse him; but she stayed her hand, as she remembered that he might have slept ill, and might still settle for

another quiet doze, if left undisturbed. With a gentle hand she opened one of the jalousies, to let in more air; and she chose one which was shaded by a tree outside, that no glare of light might enter with the breeze.

What she saw from this window drew her irresistibly into the balcony. It was a tree belonging to the convent which waved before the window; and below lay the convent-garden, fresh with the dews of the night. There stretched the green walks, so glittering with diamond-drops and with the gossamer as to show that no step had passed over them since dawn. There lay the parterres—one crowded with geraniums of all hues; another with proud lilies, white, orange, and purple; and another with a flowering pomegranate in the centre, while the gigantic white and blue convolvulus covered the soil all around, mixing with the bright green leaves and crimson blossoms of the hybiscus. No one seemed to be abroad, to enjoy the garden during this the freshest hour of the day; no one but the old black gardener, Raphael, whose cracked voice might be heard at intervals from the depths of the shrubbery in the opposite corner, singing snatches of the hymns which the sisters sung in the

chapel. When his hoarse music ceased, the occasional snap of a bough, and movements among the bushes, told that the old man was still there, busy at his work.

Euphrosyne wished that he would come out, within sight of the beckon of her hand. She dared not call, for fear of wakening her grandfather; but she very much wanted a flowering orange-branch. A gay little humming-bird was flitting and hovering near her; and she thought that a bunch of fragrant blossoms would entice it in a moment. The little creature came and went, flew round the balcony and retired: and still old Raphael kept out of sight behind the leafy screen.

"It will be gone, pretty creature!" said Euphrosyne to herself: "and all for want of a single bough from all those thickets!"

A thought struck her. Her morning frock was tied round the waist with a cord, having tassels which hung down nearly to her feet. She took off the cord, made a noose in it, and let it down among the shrubs below, swinging the end this way and that, as she thought best for catching some stray twig. She pursued her aim for a time, sending showers of dew-drops pattering down, and knocking

off a good many blossoms, but catching nothing. She was so busy, that she did not see that a grey-suited nun had come out, with a wicker cage in her hand, and was watching her proceedings.

"What are you doing, my child?" asked the nun, approaching, as a new shower of dew-drops and blossoms was shaken abroad. "If you desire to fish, I doubt not our reverend mother will make you welcome to our pond yonder."

"O sister Christine! I am glad you are come out," said Euphrosyne, bending over the balcony, and speaking in a low, though eager voice. "Do give me a branch of something sweet,—orange, or citron, or something. This humming-bird will be gone if we do not make haste.—Hush! Do not call. Grandpapa is not awake yet. Please, make haste."

Sister Christine was not wont to make haste; but she did her best to gratify Euphrosyne. She went straight to the corner of the shrubbery where the abbess's mocking-bird spent all its summer days, hung up the cage, and brought back what Euphrosyne had asked. The branch was drawn up in the noose of the cord, and the nun could not but stand and watch the event.

The bough was stuck between two of the bars of the jalousie, and the girl withdrew to the end of the balcony. The humming-bird appeared, hovered round, and at last inserted its long beak in a blossom, sustaining itself the while on its quivering wings. Before proceeding to another blossom, it flew away. Euphrosyne cast a smile down to the nun, and placed herself against the jalousie, holding the branch upon her head. As she had hoped, two humming-birds returned. After some hesitation, they came for more of their sweet food, and Euphrosyne felt that her hair was blown about on her forehead by the motion of their busy wings. She desired, above everything, to keep still; but this strong desire, and the sight of sister Christine's grave face turned so eagerly upwards, made her laugh so as to shake the twigs very fearfully. Keeping her hand with the branch steady, she withdrew her head from beneath, and then stole slowly and cautiously backward within the window,—the birds following. She now heard her grandfather's voice, calling feebly and fretfully. She half-turned to make a signal for silence, which the old man so far observed as to sink his complaints to a mutter. The girl put the branch into

a water-jar near the window, and then stepped lightly to the bed.

"What is all this nonsense?" said M. Revel. "Why did not you come the moment I called?"

"Here I am, grandpapa:—and do look,—look at my humming-birds!"

"Humming-birds,—nonsense! I called you twice."

Yet the old gentleman rubbed his eyes, which did not seem yet quite awake. He rubbed his eyes, and looked through the shaded room, as if to see Euphrosyne's new plaything.—She brought him his spectacles from the toilette, helped to raise him up, threw a shawl over his shoulders, and placed his pillows at his back. Perceiving that he still could not see very distinctly, she opened another blind, so as to let one level ray of sunshine fall upon the water-jar, and the little radiant creatures that were hovering about it.

"There! there!" cried M. Revel, in a pleased tone.

"Now I will go and bring you your coffee," said Euphrosyne.

"Stop, stop, child! Why are you in such a

hurry? I want to know what is the matter. Such a night as I have had!"

"A bad night, grandpapa? I am sorry."

"Bad enough! How came my light to go out? And what is all this commotion in the streets?"

Euphrosyne went to the night-lamp, and found that a very large flying beetle had disabled itself by breaking the glass, and putting out the light. There it lay dead,—a proof at least that there were no ants in the room.

"Silly thing!" said Euphrosyne. "I do wish these beetles would learn to fly properly. He must have startled you, grandpapa. Did not you think it was a thief, when you were left in the dark?"

"It is very odd that nobody about me can find me a lamp that will serve me. And then, what is all this bustle in the town? Tell me at once what is the matter."

"I know of nothing the matter. The trompettes have been by this morning; and they say that the Commander-in-chief is here; so there will be nothing the matter. There was some talk last night, Pierre said,—some fright about to-day. But L'Ouverture is come; and it will be all right now, you know."

"You know nothing about it, child,—teasing one with your buzzing, worrying humming-birds! Go and get my coffee, and send Pierre to me."

"The birds will come with me, I dare say, if I go by the balcony. I will take them away."

"No, no. Don't lose time with them. Let them be. Go and send Pierre."

When Euphrosyne returned with the coffee, she found, as Pierre had found before her, M. Revel so engrossed in looking through his spectacles at the water-jar, as to have forgotten what he had to ask and to say.

"You will find the bath ready whenever you want it, grandpapa," said Euphrosyne, as she placed the little tray before him: "and it is a sweet airy morning."

"Ay; I must make haste up, and see what is to be done. It is not safe to lie and rest in one's bed, in this part of the world." And he made haste to stir his coffee with his trembling hands.

"Oh, you have often said that,—almost ever since I can remember: and here we are, quite safe still."

"Tell the truth, child. How dare you say that we have been safe ever since you remember?"

"I said 'almost,' grandpapa. I do not forget

about our being in the woods,—about . . . but we will not talk of that now. That was all over a long time ago; and we have been very safe since. The great thing of all is, that there was no L'Ouverture then, to take care of us. Now, you know, the Commander-in-chief is always thinking how he can take the best care of us."

"'No L'Ouverture then!' One would think you did not know what and where Toussaint was then. Why, child, your poor father was master over a hundred such as he."

"Do you think they were like him? Surely, if they had been like him, they would not have treated us as they did. Afra says she does not believe anybody like him ever lived."

"Afra is a pestilent little fool."

"Oh, grandpapa!"

"Well, well! She is a very good girl in her way; but she talks about what she does not understand. She pretends to judge of governors of the colony, when her own father cannot govern this town, and she never knew Blanchelande! Ah! if she had known Blanchelande, she would have seen a man who understood his business, and had spirit to keep up the dignity and honour of the colony.

If that sort of rule had gone on till now, we should not have had the best houses in the island full of these black upstarts; nor a mulatto governor in this very town."

"And then I should not have had Afra for a friend, grandpapa."

"You would have been better without, child. I do not like to see you for ever with a girl of her complexion, though she is the governor's daughter. There must be an end of it—there shall be an end of it. It is a good time now. There is a reason for it to-day. It is time you made friends of your own complexion, child; and into the convent you go—this very day."

"Oh, grandpapa, you don't mean that those nuns are of my complexion! Poor pale creatures! I would not for the world look like them: and I certainly shall, if you put me there. I had much rather look like Afra than like sister Benoîte, or sister Cecile. Grandpapa! you would not like me to look like sister Benoîte."

"How do I know, child? I don't know one from another of them."

"No, indeed! and you would not know me by the time I had been there three months. How sorry

you would be, grandpapa, when you asked for me next winter, to see all those yellow-faced women pass before you, and when the yellowest of all came, to have to say, 'Can this be my poor Euphrosyne!'"

M. Revel could not help laughing as he looked up at the girl through his spectacles. He pinched her cheek, and said that there was certainly more colour there than was common in the West Indies; but that it must fade, in or out of the convent, by the time she was twenty; and she had better be in a place where she was safe. The convent was the only safe place.

"You have often said that before," replied she, "and the time has never come yet. And no more it will now. I shall go with Afra to the cacao-gathering at Le Zéphyr, as I did last year. O that sweet cool place in the Mornes du Chaos! How different from this great ugly square white convent, with nothing that looks cheerful, and nothing to be heard but teaching, teaching, and religion, religion, for ever!"

"I advise you to make friends among the sisters, however, Euphrosyne; for there you will spend the next few years."

"I will not make friends with anything but

the poor mocking-bird. I have promised Afra not to love anybody instead of her; but she will not be jealous of the poor bird. It and I will spend the whole day in the thicket, mocking and pining,—pining and mocking. The sisters shall not get a word out of me—not one of them. I may speak to old Raphael now and then, that I may not forget how to use my tongue; but I vow that poor bird shall be my only friend."

"We shall see that. We shall see how long a giddy child like you can keep her mocking-bird tone in the uproar that is coming upon us! What will you do, child, without me, when the people of this colony are cutting one another's throats over my grave? What will become of you when I am gone?"

"Dear grandpapa, before that comes the question, What will you do without me? What will become of you when I am gone into that dull place? You know very well, grandpapa, that you cannot spare me."

The old man's frame was shaken with sobs. He put his thin hands before his face, and the tears trickled between his fingers. Euphrosyne caressed him, saying,

"There! I knew how it would be. I knew I should never leave you. I never will leave you. I will bring up your coffee every morning, and light your lamp every night, as long as you live."

As she happened to be looking towards the door, she saw it opening a little upon its noiseless hinges, and a hand which she knew to be Pierre's beckoning to her. Her grandfather did not see it. She withdrew herself from him with a sportive kiss, ordered him to rest for a while, and think of nothing but her humming-birds, and carried the tray out of the room.

Pierre was there, waiting impatiently with a note from Afra.

"I did not bring it in, Mademoiselle," said he, "because I am sure there is something amiss. A soldier brought the note; and he says he has orders to stay for my master's commands."

Afra's note told what this meant. It was as follows:—

"Dearest Euphrosyne,

"Do not be frightened. There is time, if you come directly. There is no danger, if you come to us. The cultivators are marching hither over

the plain. It is with the whites that they are angry; so you had better make yourselves secure with us. The soldier who brings this will escort M. Revel and you this little way through the streets: but you must lose no time. We are sorry to hurry your grandfather; but it cannot be helped. Come, my dearest, to your

"AFRA RAYMOND."

Pierre saw his young lady's face turn as pale as any nun's, as she glanced over this note.

"The carriage, Pierre! Have it to the door instantly."

"With your leave, Mademoiselle, the soldier says no French carriages will be safe in the streets this morning."

"O mercy! A chair, then. Send for a chair this moment. The soldier will go for it—ask him as a favour. They will not dare to refuse one to a governor's guard. Then come, and dress your master, and do not look so grave, Pierre, before him."

Pierre went, and was met at the door by a servant with another note. It was—

"Do not come by the street, dearest Euphrosyne. The nuns will let you through their garden, into our garden alley, if you can only get your grand-

father over the balcony. My two messengers will help you; but they are much wanted:—so make haste.

"A. R."

"Make the soldiers sling an arm-chair from the balcony, Pierre; and send one of them round into the convent garden, to be ready to receive us there. The abbess will have the gate open to the Government-House-alley. Then come, and dress your master; and leave it to me to tell him everything."

"Likely enough," muttered Pierre; "for I know nothing of what is in those notes myself."

"And I do not understand what it is all about," said Euphrosyne, as she returned to her grandfather.

He had fallen into a light doze, lulled by the motion and sound of the humming-birds. Euphrosyne kissed his forehead, to rouse him, and then told him gaily that it was terribly late,—he had no idea how late it was,—he must get up directly. The bath! no;—there must be no bath to-day. There was not time for it;—or, at least, he must go a little ride first. A new sort of carriage was getting ready . . .

She now looked graver, as Pierre entered. She

said, that while Pierre dressed him, she would put up some clothes for a short visit to Government-House.

M. Revel being now alarmed, Euphrosyne admitted that some confusion in the streets was expected, and that the Governor and Afra thought that their friends would be most quiet at the back of Government-House.

To her consternation, M. Revel suddenly refused to stir a step from his own dwelling. He would not be deceived into putting himself and his child into the hands of any mulattoes upon earth,—governors or other. Not one of his old friends, in Blanchelande's time, would have countenanced such an act; and he would not so betray his colour and his child. He had rather die on his own threshold.

"You must do as you please about that, sir," said Pierre; "but, for Mademoiselle Euphrosyne, I must say, that I think it is full early for her to die,—and when she might be safe too!"

"O grandpapa! I cannot let you talk of our dying," cried Euphrosyne, her cheeks bathed in tears. "Indeed I will not die,—nor shall you either. Besides, if that were all"

The old man knew what was in her mind,—that

she was thinking of the woods. He sank down on his knees by the bedside, and prayed that the earth might gape and swallow them up,—that the sea might rush in, and overflow the hollow where the city had been, before he and his should fall into the hands of the cursed blacks.

"Grandpapa," said Euphrosyne, gravely, "if you pray such a prayer as that, do not pray aloud. I cannot hear such a prayer as that." Struggling with her tears, she continued: "I know you are very much frightened,—and I do not wonder that you are: but I do wish you would remember that we have very kind friends who will protect us, if we will only make haste and go to them. And as for their being of a different colour,—I do wonder that you can ask God to cause the earth to swallow us up, when you know (at least, you have taught me so) we must meet people of all races before the throne of God. He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, you know."

M. Revel shook his head impatiently, as if to show that she did not understand his feelings. She went on, however:—

"If we so hate and distrust them at this moment, here, how can we pray for death, so as to

meet them at the next moment there? Oh, grandpapa! let us know them a little better first. Let us go to them now."

"Don't waste time so, child; you hinder my dressing."

He allowed himself to be dressed, and made no further opposition till he found himself at the balcony of the next room.

"Here is your new coach," said Euphrosyne, "and plenty of servants:" showing him how one of the soldiers and old Raphael stood below to receive the chair, and the abbess herself was in waiting in a distant walk, beside the wicket they were to pass through.

Of course, the old gentleman said he could never get down that way; and he said something about dying on his own threshold,—this time, however, in a very low voice. But, in the midst of his opposition, Euphrosyne seated herself in the chair, and was let down. When she could no longer hear his complaints, but was standing beckoning to him from the grass-plat below, he gave up all resistance, was let down with perfect ease, and carried in the chair, followed by all the white members of his household, through the gardens, and up the alley

where Afra was awaiting them. There was a grey sister peeping from behind every blind as they crossed the garden, and trembling with the revived fears of that terrible night of ninety-one, when they had fled to the ships. It was some comfort to them to see old Raphael busy with rake and knife, repairing the damage done to the bed under the balcony,—all trampled as it was. Each nun said to herself that Raphael seemed to have no fears but that the garden would go on as usual, whatever disturbance was abroad.

"Have you seen him?" asked Euphrosyne eagerly of her friend, the moment they met.

"O yes. You shall see him too, from my window, if they will but talk on till we get there. He and the Commissary, and some of the Commissary's officers, are in the rose-garden under my window. Make haste, or they may be gone."

"We must see grandpapa settled first."

"O yes: but I am so afraid they may be gone! They have been pacing the alley between the rose-trees this hour nearly,—talking and arguing all the time. I am sure they were arguing; for they stopped every now and then, and the Commissary made

such gestures! He looked so impatient and so vexed!"

"And did *he* look vexed too?"

"Not in the least angry, but severe. So quiet, so majestic he looked, as he listened to all they said! and when he answered them,—Oh, I would not, for all the island, have his eyes so set upon me!"

"O dear, let us make haste, or they will be gone!" cried Euphrosyne.

While Euphrosyne was endeavouring to make her grandfather feel himself at home and comfortable in the apartment appointed for him by the Governor, Afra ran to her window, to see if the potentates of the island were still at their conference. The rose-garden was empty: and she came back sorrowfully to say so. As she entered the apartment of her guests, she heard M. Revel sending a message of compliments to the Commissary, with a request of an audience of a few minutes. The servants gave as much intimation as they dared of the Commissary being so particularly engaged that they had rather be excused carrying this message. The girls looked at one another, nodded agreement, and Euphrosyne spoke.

"Suppose, grandpapa, you ask to see the Commander-in-chief. He never refuses anything that is asked of him: and he can do everything he wishes. I dare say he will come at once, if you desire it, and if we do not detain him too long. If he had been once in this room with us, how safe we should feel!"

"Oh, if we could see him once in this room!" cried Afra.

"Do you suppose I will beg a favour of that ambitious black?" cried M. Revel. "Do you think I will crave an audience of a fellow who, for aught I know, may have driven his master's carriage to my door in the old days?—No, if I cannot see Hédouville, I will take my chance. Go, fellow! and carry my message," he cried to Pierre.

Pierre returned with the answer which might have been anticipated. The Commissary was so engaged, there was so much bustle and confusion throughout his establishment, that no one of his people would deliver the message.

"That would not have been the answer if . . " whispered Euphrosyne to her friend.

"Shall I venture?—yes, I will—shall I? At

least, I will keep upon the watch," said Afra, as she withdrew.

She presently sent in, with the tray of fruit, a basket of flowers, which Euphrosyne occupied herself in dressing, exactly as she did at home, humming, the while, the airs her grandfather heard her sing every day. Her devices answered very well. He presently occupied himself in pointing out, exactly as he always did, that there was too much green in this bouquet, and not enough in that.

CHAPTER II.

SPOILING SPORT.

NOTHING could exceed the astonishment of the Commissary on seeing Toussaint this morning. Hédouville was amusing himself, before the sun was high, alternately with three or four of his officers, in duetting with a parrot, which had shown its gaudy plumage among the dark foliage of a tamarind tree in the garden. At every pause in the bird's chatter, one of the gentlemen chattered in reply; and thus kept up the discord, to the great amusement of the party. Hédouville was just declaring that he had obtained the best answer—the loudest and most hideous, when he heard the swing of a gate, and, turning round, saw Toussaint entering from the barrack-yard.

"The ape!" exclaimed one of the officers, in a whisper.

"Who—who is it?" eagerly asked a naval captain, lately arrived.

"Who should it be but the black chief? No other of his race is fond enough of us to be for ever thrusting himself upon us. He is confoundedly fond of the whites"

"We only ask him," said Delon, another officer, "to like us no better than we like him, and leave us to manage our business our own way."

"Say the word, Commissary," whispered the first, "and he shall not go hence so easily as he came."

"I should beg pardon, Commissary," said Toussaint, as he approached, "for presenting myself thus,—for entering by a back-way,—if it were not necessary. The crisis requires that we should agree upon our plan of operations, before we are seen in the streets. It is most important that we should appear to act in concert. It is the last chance for the public safety."

"Crisis!—public safety!—seen in the streets!" exclaimed Hédouville. "I assure you, General, I have no thoughts of going abroad till evening. It will be a scorching day. Is the crisis you speak of that of the heats?"

"No trifling, Commissary! Gentlemen," said he, turning to the officers, who happened to be

laughing, "no levity! The occasion is too serious for mirth or for loss of time. Shall we speak alone, Commissary?"

"By no means," said Hédouville. "These gentlemen would not for the world miss hearing your news. Has a fresh insurrection been contrived already? or has any Frenchman forgotten himself, and kissed Psyche, or cuffed Agamemnon?"

"A new insurrection has been contrived; and by you. The cultivators are marching over the plain; and in four hours the town will be sacked, if you, M. Hédouville, who have given the provocation, do not withdraw it. You must sign this proclamation. It is the opposite of your own now waiting for publication. But you must sign, and issue it—and that within this hour. I hear what you say, gentlemen. You say that I have raised the cultivators. I have not. There is not a negro in the plain who does not at this moment believe that I am in the south. I come to put them down; but I will not go out with the sword in one hand, if I do not carry justice in the other."

"What do you mean about justice, General? What injustice has been done?"

"Here is the draught of your proclamation—"

"How came you by that paper—by the particulars of my intention?" asked Hédouville. "My proclamation is yet locked up in my own desk."

"Its contents are nevertheless known throughout the colony. When a commissary, lightly and incidentally, (and therefore the more offensively,) settles, without understanding them, the most important points of difference between two unreconciled races, the very winds stoop in their flight, to snatch up the tidings, and drop them as they fly. See here! See how you pronounce on the terms of field-service,—and here on the partition of unclaimed estates,—and here, on the claims of the emigrants! The blacks must be indeed as stupid as you hold them to be, if they did not spread the alarm that you are about to enslave them again."

"I protest I never dreamed of such a thing."

"I believe you. And that you did not so dream shows that you are blind to the effects of your own measures—that the cultivators of the plain understand your proceedings better than you do yourself. Here is the proclamation which must be issued."

And he offered a paper, which Hédouville took, but tore in pieces, trampling them under

foot, and saying, that he had never before been so insulted in his function.

"That is a childish act," observed Toussaint, as he looked down upon the fragments of the document. "And a useless one," he continued; "for my secretary is getting it printed off by this time."

"Are you going to dare to put my name to a proclamation I have not seen?"

"Certainly not. My name will suffice, if you compel me to dispense with yours. This proclamation grants . . ."

Hédouville here gave whispered directions to Delon, who hastened towards the house; and to another, who made for the barrack-yard.

"From every quarter," said Toussaint, "you will have confirmation of the news I brought. I will speak presently of what must be done. This proclamation," pointing to the torn paper, "grants an amnesty to all engaged in former conflicts of race, and declares that there are no 'returned emigrants' in the island,—that they are all considered native proprietors,—that all now absent shall be welcome again, and shall be protected,—that the blacks are free citizens, and will so remain: but that they shall

continue for five years to till the estates on which they live, for one-fourth of the produce."

"I do not see the grounds of your disgust with my proclamation," said Hédouville. "I think your anger absurd."

"I have no doubt you do. This proves, with a multitude of other circumstances, that you must go."

"Admirable! And leave the colony to your government!"

"Just so. If you ask the whites of the island, they will tell you, almost to a man, that I can govern the whites: while events daily show that you cannot rule the blacks. While you have held the title of Commissary, you know that you have ruled only by my permission,—sometimes strengthened by my approbation,—oftener spared by my forbearance. I am aware that these gentlemen are not of that opinion," he continued, his voice assuming the mildness which always distinguished it when he spoke of his personal injuries. "They believe that if two or three brigands could be got to seize in his camp the ape with the Madras on his head, all would be well. But they are mistaken. They may play the brigand, and seize me now; but then the town will be burning before night."

"You should not believe all the saucy things that are told you,—you should not care for the impertinence of young soldiers," said Hédouville, who suspected that his affairs were really in a critical state, and had now resumed his usual smoothness of manner. He led the way up the alley between the rose-trees, that the torn proclamation might be no longer in sight.

"No doubt," observed an officer, gravely, "the Commissary will report to the First Consul, (if you really persist in sending the Commissary away,) —he will doubtless report to the First Consul the prodigious power you hold here, and how great a rival Bonaparte has on this side the water."

"And how willing a servant," added Toussaint, —"how willing to bear the burden of government for the good of France."

"Burden!" exclaimed all.

"Yes," replied Toussaint: "where is there a heavier burden? Do you suppose that men choose their own office in life? If so, should I have chosen such an one as mine? Was the pleasure of Heaven ever more clearly revealed than in my case? Ask the First Consul whether it was possible for me to be other than I am. The revolution of St.

Domingo proceeded without any interference from me,—a negro slave. I saw that the dominion of the whites could not last, divided as they were among themselves, and lost in the numbers of their foes. I was glad that I was a black. The time came when I was compelled to act. I associated myself with the Spaniards, who were the allies of my king, and who had extended protection to the loyal troops of my colour. But this protection served no end. The republic proclaimed the general liberty of the blacks. An unerring voice told me that my allegiance was thenceforward due to the republic. The blacks in their new condition wanted a leader. They chose me to lead them,—to be the chief predicted by Raynal, as General Laveaux declared. Inspired by this call, I entered into the service of France. The services that I have rendered prove that it was indeed the voice of God that called me. Why do I tell you this? Because I owe an account of my life to you?—No, indeed!—I tell you all this that you may render my account to the First Consul, whom, it appears, I cannot reach by letter. I charge you, by your fidelity to the mother-country, to repeat to Bonaparte what I have said."

"You could do it more accurately and forcibly yourself," observed Hédouville. "Let me advise that you go instead of me."

"You know," replied Toussaint, "who it was that said that I am the Bonaparte of St. Domingo, and that the colony could not exist without me. It was your brother functionaries who said it; and never did they say anything more true."

The naval captain, Meronet, observed that his ship, now in the roads, happened to be that which had conveyed the Commissary; and that it would greatly flatter him, after having brought out Commissary Hédouville, to carry back General Toussaint L'Ouverture.

"Your ship, sir," replied Toussaint, "will not contain a man like me,—a man laden with the destinies of a race."

"But you speak of the burden of your office," observed one of the aides. "It must be great; and all men need occasional repose. Suppose you retire to France for an interval of repose?"

"Perhaps I may," replied Toussaint, "when this shrub," pointing to the sucker of a logwood tree, "shall be large enough to make a ship to take me there."

"You could devolve your cares upon your friend Raymond, General, if you do not wish fully to trust the whites. Be persuaded to visit your brother in destiny and in glory, as you call Bonaparte."

"Raymond is my friend, as you say, and a good man; but he is not called to be arbiter of the fate of the colony.—See! Here are your messengers, Commissary."

The officers entered from the barracks, with news that the plain was really in a state of commotion, and that no adequate defences appeared to be provided by the authorities of the town.

"I charge myself with the defence of the town," said Toussaint. "Your part, Commissary, is to sign the new proclamation instantly; and to prepare to sail for France, with as many persons as desire to accompany you. On your promise to do this, I will guarantee the public peace. In this case, you incur no further dishonour than that of not understanding the temper and the affairs of the blacks. If you refuse to go, I shall arrest you here, and denounce you to the government of France, as the cause of the insurrection which will undoubtedly ensue. You will not choose to incur

this infamy.—Therefore," he continued, turning to Captain Meronet, "you will have the goodness to return to your ship, and prepare it for the reception of the Commissary. He will probably join you in the course of this day."

Again addressing the astonished functionary, he continued,

"You shall be protected to the latest possible moment, for the convenience of making your arrangements. When I can protect you no longer, I will cause the alarm-gun, on the height behind the barracks, to be fired. At that signal, you will hasten to the boats, and begone. Assure yourself of my justice, and render me an equal measure at the court of France. Farewell!"

As he entered Government-House, the officers looked at each other in consternation.

"What is to be done?" asked more than one.

"It is true enough," said Hédouville, "that neither I nor any one else understands these people. The danger is really pressing, Delon?"

"Most pressing, there is no doubt."

"Then I have done with this mongrel colony; and I am not sorry. At home, I shall find means to vindicate my honour."

"You mean to depart, then, Commissary?"

"When we hear the alarm-gun. Not sooner. It is possible that it may be a mere threat."

"If so, it will be the first mere threat in which this black has been detected."

"That is true. He usually acts first, and speaks afterwards. Gentlemen, we shall have to go. I must first see about this proclamation, and discover whether anything else can be done. If not, Captain, au revoir!"

CHAPTER III.

GO OR STAY?

THE Commander-in-chief was not long closeted with Governor Raymond: for this was a day when minutes were precious. It was observed that there was a sudden activity among the messengers of the Governor, among the soldiers, and among the citizens; and every one felt that the voice of Toussaint was giving orders in every corner of the town, before he had yet come forth. The report spread that Moyse L'Ouverture was come; and he was soon seen, superintending the placing of cannon in the streets, and the mustering of soldiers in the squares. The presence of the young man inspired an enthusiasm inferior only to that which waited on the steps of his uncle. Its influence on Moyse was seen in the fire of his eye, the quickness of his movements, and the hilarity of his air. He appeared to notice every one who cheered, or waved hat or handkerchief to him, and to overhear all that was

said as he passed along. In one instance, he stopped to reply.

"I little thought," he heard an old negro merchant say to a neighbour,—"I little thought ever to see an Ouverture planting cannon against his own colour."

"Nor do you see it now, friend," said Moyse. "The insurgents in the plain are of all colours,—almost as many whites as blacks are discontented with the Commissary, and—"

"Turn your guns upon the Commissary, then, young soldier!"

"There is no need, friend. We shall be rid of the Commissary by an easier method; and these guns will be wheeled home, as harmless as they came. My belief is, that not a drop of negro blood will be shed; and to that end do we plant our cannon. If we tranquillise the whites of the town, and empty Government-House of the French, the negroes of the plain will find none but friends when they arrive."

"Oh, ay! That is your policy, is it?"

"That is L'Ouverture's policy. Tell it every where. He is the best friend of the blacks who best makes it known."

The explanation passed from mouth to mouth; and the new proclamation, signed by Toussaint and Hédouville, from hand to hand. The proclamation was posted in the corners of the streets: it was read aloud in the squares; it was sent, by messengers of every colour, among the insurgents in the plain. The effect of this, connected with the report, which every moment gained strength, that the Commissary was about to quit the colony, was so evident, that Toussaint's wishes seemed likely to be accomplished. The insurgents did not, indeed, disband: they had been too often deceived by the Commissary's bland promises to do that before they had gained their point: but there was every reason to believe that they would march upon the town, only to secure the departure of Hédouville and his adherents, and the fidelity of the government to the terms of the proclamation.

When Toussaint came forth from his conference with Raymond, Afra and Euphrosyne were awaiting him in the corridor. He would have passed them with a smile: but he saw that Afra was urging Euphrosyne to speak, and that the blushing Euphrosyne dared not do so. He therefore stop-

ped to tell Afra that his daughters had sent their love to her; that she was going to Pongaudin in a day or two; and that her friends there would be very glad to see her.

"Am I really going? Does my father say that I may?"

"He is going too: he will be there before you."

"My poor Euphrosyne, what will you do?" exclaimed Afra. "This is Euphrosyne Revel," she continued, to Toussaint; "and . . ."

"Revel!" he said. "Have not you an aged relative in this town, my dear?"

"In that room," hastily answered Afra. "He is very old, and much alarmed to-day: and he cannot believe that he and Euphrosyne are safe, even here. If you will only assure Euphrosyne that there is no danger;—if she could tell him that you say so . . ."

"I will tell him myself," said Toussaint. "He is in that apartment, you say?"

"Oh! but, please your Excellency," exclaimed Afra, "he may not like—he may not wish . . . Euphrosyne is as much devoted to you as we are; but . . ."

Toussaint was well aware that M. Revel might

not like, would not wish, to see him, or any black. Among all the hatreds which had deformed the colony, none more fierce had existed than that between M. Revel and the negro race. He had been a cruel master; hence his incessant terrors now. He had been marked out for vengeance at the time of the revolution, and his family had perished for his crimes; and hence the detestation in which, as the survivor of these victims, he was regarded by most who knew the story. Euphrosyne knew nothing of it; nor did her young companion. There was no one to tell them uselessly so painful a tale; and there was nothing in M. Revel's present conduct to awaken a suspicion of the truth. He rarely saw a black: and the tenderness which lies in some corner of the hardest hearts was by him lavished upon his only remaining descendant. Little did she suppose now, how much better her grandfather was known by Toussaint than by herself.

"Trust me!" said Toussaint, smiling. "I will not annoy M. Revel. I will merely reassure him, and tell him a little good news; and then leave him to his repose."

"Yes, Afra," interposed Euphrosyne. "Oh,

yes, please your Excellency, do go! I will tell him you are coming."

She flew along the corridor, and, with joyous smiles, prepared M. Revel for some great honour and pleasure, when Toussaint entered, and bowed low, as it had ever been his custom to do before grey hairs.

"I come," said he to the old man, who seemed at a loss whether to rise or not, but who would not ask his visitor to sit down—"I come to encourage you to dismiss all fears. By the resolution of the Commissary to sail for France this day, all further disputes are obviated. We have strong hopes that peace will not be disturbed."

"The Commissary going home! Who, then, is to govern us? What is to become of the whites in the colony?"

"I will take care of them. Those who are unwilling to remain, in the absence of the Commissary, can depart with him. There is shipping enough for more than will wish to go."

Euphrosyne glanced apprehensively at her grandfather, and then said,

"Grandpapa is too old to go upon the sea any more; and I am not afraid of anything here. I do

not believe there is anything to be afraid of here; is there?"

"Indeed, I believe not."

"Besides," said Afra, "my father will not allow any harm to happen to his best friends. My father . . ."

"Your father, my dear, will not be here," said Toussaint. "He is appointed to the legislature, in the interior. I protect this town, till a new Governor is appointed. I told you we hoped to see you at Pongaudin. You will pass your time there, with my family, while M. Raymond attends his duties in the legislature. I go, sir, to provide for the peace of the town. If I can be of service to you, you have only to send to me. I entreat you to rely upon my protection."

And he went out.

"O, grandpapa!" exclaimed Euphrosyne, sighing.

"My dears, I hope I was not rude to him. I know that he meant kindly by coming: and I would not be otherwise than civil. I hope I was not rude to the Commander-in-chief."

Neither of his companions spoke, to give him comfort on this head. He grew angry. He de-

clared that he did not understand all these changes and troubles, and he would go out of the way of them. He would sail with Hédouville; and so should Euphrosyne, and so should Pierre. He knew he should die before they had been a week at sea; but he would not stay to see everything turned topsy-turvy by the blacks.

Afra gently said that she understood it was Hédouville who had endeavoured to turn everything topsy-turvy, and those who understood the affairs of the colony better, who hoped to keep them straight. Euphrosyne protested that it was impossible to get home, to pack up their goods: and, even if they were at home, there was no time to do it properly. When she found all her objections of this class unavailing, she gravely said that she fully believed what her grandfather had just declared—that he would die before they had been a week at sea; and nothing, therefore, should make her consent to go. A compromise was at length agreed upon. Euphrosyne promised to enter the convent, if her grandfather should desire it: and on this promise, he consented to say no more about going to sea.

As Toussaint went forth from M. Revel's apart-

ment, he met M. Pascal, with his portfolio in his hand.

"M. Pascal here already! I am gratified—I am grateful!" said Toussaint, grasping his hand. "You are weary—you must be very weary; but can you work a little before going to rest?"

"Willingly. No doubt. Most willingly."

Toussaint desired that fruit and wine should be sent to the governor's private room, and that the reports of messengers from the city should be brought instantly to him there. M. Pascal and he then sat down beside a table, with pen, ink, and paper before them.

"M. Pascal," Toussaint began, "the Commissary sails for France this day, with as many as desire to accompany him. You know the reasons which compel me to advise his departure. You came out as his secretary. Do you desire to return with him?"

"I do not. With your permission, I will remain with you."

"With what view?"

"My own satisfaction, and the wish to serve the colony. My attachment to yourself is strong. I also perceive that you govern wisely and well; and I desire to aid in so important a work."

"Good. But you are not aware of the danger of attaching yourself thus exclusively to me. Till to-day, if I fell, your way to France, your way in France, was open. After to-day, it will no longer be so. I am so surrounded with dangers, that I can scarcely escape ruin or death. The mulattoes conspire against my power and my life. The blacks, for whom I have made myself responsible, are yet full of passion, and not to be relied on in the present infancy of their education. The French officials are so many malignant spies,—excepting yourself, indeed," he added, with a smile. "Bonaparte, who rules everywhere, is surrounded by our emigrants, who attribute their sufferings to the blacks; and he is jealous of me. I would rather say he distrusts me. Now,—you see my position. I ask no white to share its perils. If you go with Hédouville, you shall carry with you my friendly farewell."

"I will stay with you."

"Thank God! Then we are friends indeed!—Now to business. In the pressing affairs of to-day, we must not overlook the future security of the colony. The story which Hédouville will tell at home must be met and illustrated by our statement. Write so fully to the First Consul as that he may

clearly see that it is to Hédouville's ignorance and presumption that the present disturbances are owing."

"It is a clear case."

"It is to us. Make it so to him.—One word first. Will you undertake the office of Governor of this town?"

"Instead of Raymond?"

"Instead of Raymond. He is a good man; but I erred in appointing him. He is fit for deliberation, but not for action. But for my early arrival, this town would have been burned to-day, for want of even a show of defence. He is setting out now for the legislature, to which I have appointed him, and where he will be valuable. Will you assume his office?"

"By no means. I desire to remain beside you, and study your mode of government, before I attempt myself to govern."

"I have no fixed mode of governing. I merely act as seems to me good at the time."

"Inspired by a generous love, ever," said Pascal.

"Enough of this. It would be an advantage to me, and to the colony, that you should undertake this office. There is no other white, there is no

mulatto fit for it; and the mulattoes need conciliation. If they see the office bestowed on a black, or occupied by me in the interim, they will feel themselves injured by Raymond's removal. You see the advantages of your filling the office."

"I see yet more plainly the disadvantages, unfit as I am. I cannot accept it."

"Very well.—While you are writing, I will ascertain how the provisioning of the ships goes on, and will give you as much time as possible. But there is not a moment to lose. I will return presently to sign."

Toussaint walked up and down the corridor, receiving reports, and issuing orders every moment. He found that the harbour was covered with boats carrying out hogs, fowls, vegetables, and water, according to his orders: but no baggage had been sent down from the quarters of the French officials, though porters had been waiting for two hours past. Scouts had come in, with news of the approach of the insurgents. This information was communicated to Hédouville, with a hint that the ships were nearly provisioned; but no answer was returned. —Moyse sent word that the preparations in the town were nearly complete, and the spirit of the

inhabitants improving every hour, if only the Commissary would make haste and be gone. Toussaint found the moment was coming for him to give the word to fire the alarm-gun.

"Are the despatches nearly ready?" he asked of Pascal, entering the secretary's apartment.

"Quite ready for signature," replied Pascal, drying the ink of the last sheet.

"Excellent!" cried Toussaint, when he had read them. "True and clear!"

He signed and sealed them, and introduced the officer who was to be responsible for their delivery, assuring him that he would be welcome back to the honours which would follow the faithful discharge of his trust. He did not forget to request M. Pascal to go to rest. There might be no rest for either of them this night.

As Euphrosyne sat beside M. Revel, who was sleeping on a couch, after the fatigues of the morning, old Pierre beckoned her softly out, sending in Euphrosyne's maid, and saying, as he shut the door,

"She will stay with my master till he wakes. Mademoiselle Afra has sent for you, Mademoiselle, to see from the upper gallery what is going on.

The harbour is so crowded with boats, that they can hardly move; and it is time they were moving pretty fast; for the battle is beginning at the other end of the town; and the Commissary is not off yet, though the gun was fired half-an-hour since. You heard the gun, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes. I am glad it was only a signal. You are sure it was only a signal?"

"So they say everywhere. This is the way, Mademoiselle. M. Pascal is up here,—the Secretary, you know,—and Mademoiselle Raymond, and her gouvernante, and several more, who have nothing to do with the fighting."

"But I do not want to see any fighting," said Euphrosyne, turning upon the stairs to descend. "Tell Mademoiselle Raymond that I cannot bear to see fighting."

"There is no fighting yet, Mademoiselle, indeed: and many say there will not be any. Indeed you must see such a fine sight as this. You can see the Commander-in-chief galloping about the square, with his two trompettes at his heels."

Euphrosyne turned again, and ran up to the top, without once stopping. There she was hastily introduced to M. Pascal, and placed by

the gouvernante, where she could see everything.

By this time it had become a question whether the Commissary and his suite could get away. They were making every effort to do so; but it was clear that their road would have been blockaded if the Commander-in-chief and his trompettes had not ridden round and round the party of soldiers which escorted them, clearing a passage by the power of a voice and a presence which always prevailed. Meantime, a huge body of people, which filled all the streets in the northern quarter, was gaining ground, pressing forwards against the peaceable opposition of the town's-people, and the soldiers, commanded by Moyse. The clamour of voices from that quarter was prodigious, but there were no shots. The wharves were covered with gentlemen, ladies, children, servants, and baggage, all being precipitated by degrees into boats, and rowed away, while more were perpetually arriving.

"Is not this admirable?" said M. Pascal. "The secret has actually been kept that the Commissary is on his way to the water-side. See! the cultivators are pressing on in this direction. They think he is here. If they knew where he was, they

might catch him. As it is, I believe he will escape."

"O, are they coming here? O, my poor grandfather!" cried Euphrosyne, turning very pale.

"Fear nothing," said Afra. "They will presently learn that there is nothing to come here for. Will they not, M. Pascal?"

"No doubt: and if not, there is nothing to fear, I believe. Not a shot has been fired yet, but from the alarm-gun."

"O, how it echoed from the Haut-du-Cap!" cried Afra. "I wonder what the cultivators understood by it.—See! my father's barge! There is fighting there, surely."

As Hédouville and his suite approached the wharf, the Governor's barge, which had lain at a little distance from the shore, began to press in, among the crowd of other boats, at a signal from one of the trompettes. The other boats, which were taking in terrified women and children, resisted this movement, and refused, at such a moment, its usual precedence to the Governor's barge. There was a hustling, a struggling, a shrieking, an uproar, so loud as to reach the ears and understandings of the insurgents. The word spread that the Com-

missary was escaping them. They broke through their opponents, and began a rush to the wharves. Not a few shots were now fired: but the young ladies scarcely heeded them in the excitement of this decisive moment.

"O, they will seize him! They will tear him in pieces!" cried Afra.

"He cannot,—no, he never can get away!" exclaimed Euphrosyne.

"And he gave me the sweetest smile as he was going out!" said the weeping gouvernante.

"There! Bravo! Bravo!" cried M. Pascal; and Pierre echoed "Bravo!"

"What is it? What is it?" cried the girls.

"He is safe! He and his party,—they are all safe! Not in the barge;—that is upset. You see those two green boats, now pulling off. They are there. They leaped into those boats just in time."

"O, look, look! what dreadful confusion!" cried Euphrosyne, covering her eyes with her hands.

"It is not so sure that they are safe yet," observed Pierre. "See how the blacks are pouring into the water!"

"And carrying the ladies and children with

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them, I fear," said M. Pascal, gazing anxiously through his glass.

In fact, the negroes had no idea of giving up the pursuit because they had reached the water. Hundreds plunged in; and their heads were seen bobbing about all the surface of the bay. The rowers, however, pulled well, and presently left the greater number behind, to find satisfaction in the coolness of the element.

"There is no great harm done," said M. Pascal, still gazing through his glass. "They have picked up two ladies and three children; and none seem to be missing."

"It is well that you and Monsieur were not there, Euphrosyne," observed Afra.

Euphrosyne shuddered, and Pierre looked all amazement at the absurdity of such an idea.

"No fear for us, Mademoiselle," said he. "See how empty the streets are, down below. None but the guard left, within half a mile."

It did indeed appear as if the whole population of the town and plain was collected on the shores of the bay. Those who had thrown themselves into the sea had to wait for a footing on land, unless they chose to swim round the point,—which

some of them did. When at length the crowd began to move up into the town, it was because the Commander-in-chief was riding away, after having addressed the people.

"What have you been about, child?" exclaimed M. Revel, an hour after. "You are never beside me when I wake."

Euphrosyne did not point out that this was the first time she had failed to watch his siesta. She said that she had been seeing the Commissary set sail.

"What, already! He is in a great hurry, I think."

"The wind is quite fair, grandpapa. I suppose that is the reason why he made all the ships in the harbour sail the same way. He has carried off three frigates, and all the shipping in the roads. The sea is quite clear, grandpapa. There is not a single sail in sight, all along, as far as you can see. They are all off for France."

"What in the world made him do that?"

"Perhaps we shall hear, some day. To be sure, he had to carry a good many people away with him."

"Did many whites go with him?"

"I do not know how many whites. They say fifteen hundred went altogether; but many of these were mulattoes; and some few blacks, who went for a frolic, and will come back again when they have seen France."

"Strange doings! Strange doings!" sighed the old man.

"And we shall have some glorious doings to-morrow, grandpapa. There was a little bustle and struggle when the Commissary went away;—I am glad you were asleep, and did not hear it. There will be no more,—there will be no riot now, everybody says,—the Commander-in-chief has behaved so finely, and the people are so fond of him. The danger is all over; and the towns-people have begged him—the Deliverer, as they call him—to attend the great church to-morrow, in state. Te Deum will be sung in all the churches, and it is to be a great fête-day. Are you not pleased?"

"Not at all pleased that Hédouville is gone, and fifteen hundred of his friends, and all the shipping."

"Well, but we are all at peace now, and everybody satisfied."

"Why are we here, then? Why am I not at home?"

"We will go home in a day or two. The streets will be noisy to-night; and besides, one removal is enough for one day. Afra will follow her father after to-morrow;—he is gone, you know, this morning"

"Whose guest am I then? If I am the guest of the negro Toussaint"

"You are the guest of M. Raymond while Afra is here. When she sets out, we will go home."

"And shall I have to be swung up to the balcony, and have my brains dashed out, while all the nuns are staring at me?"

"O, no," replied Euphrosyne, laughing. "There will be nothing then to prevent your going in your own carriage to your own door. I am afraid we shall not find my pretty little humming-birds there. They will think I have forgotten them."

"Ay, those humming-birds," said M. Revel, appearing to forget all his troubles.

CHAPTER IV.

DREAMING AWAKE.

Though the peace of the town was now considered secure, there was little less bustle throughout the day and night than there had been in the morning. The cultivators were all gone home. They poured out of the town almost as fast as they had poured into it, happy to have attained their object, in the defeat of the French authorities, and to be returning without the loss or punishment of a man. As they attained the height behind which they would lose sight of the sea, they turned for one more view of the empty bay, and of the fleet, now disappearing on the horizon. They gave three cheers; and this was the last that was heard of them, except by such as met them in the plain, where they sang, as they walked, the words of their Chief's proclamation. In negro fashion, they had set it to music; and very well it sounded, when sung from the heart.

In the town, the soldiers were busy removing the guns, and all signs of warfare; and the inhabitants in preparing for the fête of to-morrow. During the night, the hurry of footsteps never ceased,—so many of the citizens were going out into the country, and returning with blossoming shrubs to adorn the churches, and flowers with which to strew the path of the Deliverer. Under cover of these zealous preparations did discontent, like a serpent under the blossoms of the meadow, prepare to fix its poisonous tooth. There were men abroad in the streets who looked upon these preparations for rejoicing with a determination that the rejoicings should never take place.

The business of his arduous day being finished, Toussaint had retired early to rest, in a chamber in the south wing of Government-House,—the part which had been inhabited by the French functionaries. He would allow no one to occupy any apartments of the north wing (that which was appropriated to the governor of the town), while the daughter of the late governor and her guests remained there. His secretary, who had taken some hours' rest before, was busy writing, after midnight, in an apartment in the same wing. He was

preparing despatches for the Central Assembly, now sitting in the interior.

M. Pascal was far from being on good terms with himself this night. If, in the morning, he had doubted his capacity for being governor of the town, he this night doubted his qualifications for the office of secretary, which he had thus far filled to his own satisfaction. To-night he could not command his ideas,—he could not fix his attention. He wrote a paragraph, and then he dreamed; he planned a proposition, and then he forgot it again; and, in despair, started up to pace the floor, and disperse intrusive thoughts by exercise. These thoughts would intrude again, however; and he found himself listlessly watching through the window a waving tree-top, or a sinking star, while his pen dried in his hand.

These intrusive ideas were of Afra. He had never thought of love, in regard to himself, even enough to despise it, or to resolve against it: and the time was apparently come when love was to revenge himself for this neglect. Perhaps it was this idea, as much as the attractions of Afra herself, that haunted him to-night. He felt that his hour was come; that he was henceforth, like other

men, to be divided between two pursuits, to be dependent upon another for his tranquillity. He felt already that he could never again see Mademoiselle Raymond, or hear of her, without emotion. He had never understood love at first sight, and had hardly believed in it:—he now did not understand it; but he could not but believe in it. He felt actually haunted. Every breath of air that whispered in the window brought her voice. Everything that moved in the night-breeze made him start as if it was herself. At last, in despair about his task, which must be finished before dawn, he covered his eyes with his hands, as he leaned back in his chair, resolving not to move till he had ascertained what it was that he wanted to write next.

A slight noise in the direction of the door, however, made him look up; and he saw, advancing towards the light, no other than Afra herself. It was no wonder that he sat upright in his chair, his pale face paler than usual. In another moment, however, he blushed to the temples on hearing a suppressed laugh from some one who stood behind Afra, and who said, after some vain attempts to speak for laughing,

"M. Pascal takes us for ghosts."

"By no means, Mademoiselle Revel. Ghosts do not wrap themselves in shawls from the night-air, I believe; nor come in at the door when the shorter way is through the wall: or take a seat when asked, as I hope you will do." And he placed chairs as he spoke.

"We might have frightened you delightfully if we could have looked half as ghost-like as you did, the first moment you saw us. Perhaps it was the lamp . . ."

"Hush! Euphrosyne," said Afra. "You speak too loud, and waste time. Remember what we came for.—M. Pascal," she said in a low voice, leaning towards him over the table, and refusing to sit down, "how is L'Ouverture guarded?"

"Not at all, I believe. Why?"

The girls made a gesture of terror. Both said eagerly,

"He is in great danger;—indeed, indeed he is."

"Where are the soldiers?" asked Euphrosyne. "Do send for them directly: and ask him to lock himself up in the safest place till they come."

"Tell me what you mean, and then . . ."

"I think he is in danger, now the white rulers

are gone, from the people of my colour," said Afra: "and I fear, this very night."

"Do you mean that they intend to murder him?"

"Perhaps so. Perhaps to seize him, and send him to Rigaud;—and that will be only a slower murder."

"But how . . ."

"I will tell you. Euphrosyne and I sat rather late behind the jalousies, in the dark, to see the people bring in flowers and fruit from the country for the morning. I saw many mulattoes in the walk: but none of them had fruit or flowers. I watched them. I know their ways,—their countenances, and their gestures. I saw they were gloomy and angry; and I found out that it is with L'Ouverture. They were plotting mischief, I am certain."

"But why so suddenly,—why to-night?"

"So we thought at first; and we went to rest, intending to tell L'Ouverture to-morrow. But the more we thought and talked about it, the more uneasy we grew. We were afraid to go to sleep without telling some one in this wing: so we stole along the corridors in the dark, and saw that there was a light in this library, and ventured to look in, hoping it might be L'Ouverture himself."

"He is asleep, in a room near. I will waken him. You are not afraid to stay here a few moments, while I am gone?"

"Oh, no."

"He may wish to question you himself."

"Tell him," said Afra, speaking rapidly, "that the mulattoes are jealous of him, because they think he wants to have all the power in his own hands. They say,—There go the ships! There are no whites in power now. So much the better! But here is Raymond displaced, and L'Ouverture is all in all. We shall have every office filled with blacks; and the only chance for our degraded colour is in the field, or in the removal of this black." Tell him this:—but oh! be sure you tell him my father and I do not agree in one word of it."

"She would do anything in the world to save him," said Euphrosyne.

"You are dear as a daughter to him," said M. Pascal, with eyes of love, as he left them.

"I wish I was sure of that," said Afra. "But what can be done, Euphrosyne? He has no guard! And my father is not here, nor any one to help us! I fancy every moment I hear them coming."

"I am not much afraid," said Euphrosyne, her teeth chattering all the while. "He is so powerful! He never seems to want anybody to protect—scarcely to help him."

"But asleep! After midnight! Think of it! If they should seize him, and bind him before he is awake!"

"This fear was removed by his appearance, dressed, and like himself. He smiled at the girls, offered them each an arm, and said he had a sight to show them, if they would look at it without speaking. He led them in the dark to a window, whence they looked down upon a court-yard, which was full of soldiers, awake and armed. In another moment, Toussaint was conducting them along the corridors towards their own apartments.

"You knew!" whispered Afra. "We need not have come. I believe you always know everything."

"I suspected a plan to prevent the publishing of the amnesty to-morrow, and the filling up the offices of the colony with blacks. I suspected, but was not certain. Your intelligence has confirmed me."

"What will happen?" asked Euphrosyne, trembling. "Will anybody be killed?"

"Not to-night, I trust. You may go to rest secure that no blood will be spilled to-night; and to-morrow, you know, is a holy-day.—If you hear a step in the corridor of this your wing, do not be alarmed. I am going to send one of my own guard."

He left them at their door, after standing to hear them fasten it inside.

The girls kept awake as long as they could, calling each other's attention to every fancied noise. They could be sure of nothing, however, but of the march of the sentinel along the corridor. They both slept at last, and were wakened in broad daylight by the gouvernante, who entered in great trepidation, to say that there had been a plot against the Commander-in-chief;—that the window of his chamber had been entered at two o'clock by a party of mulattoes, who had all been seized by L'Ouverture's soldiers. How it came to end so;—how soldiers enough happened to be at hand at the right moment,—how it was all done without fighting, without noise enough even to break her rest (and she always knew if anybody stirred),—the gouvernante could not tell. All she knew was, that L'Ouverture was the most considerate creature in

the world. As soon as the eleven mulattoes who had been taken were put into confinement, L'Ouverture had sent one of his own guards into her corridor, to prevent her being alarmed for herself and her young charge.

CHAPTER V.

THE GIFT AT THE ALTAR.

Poor Euphrosyne! She was not allowed by her grandfather to go to church this day. M. Revel insisted upon it that it would be an act of treason for one of the French race to attend a thanksgiving for having got rid of the French authorities. In vain did Euphrosyne represent that the thanksgiving was for something very different—for the deliverance of the town and district from war—for the security of white and black inhabitants alike. Neither M. Revel nor Pierre would hear a word of this. They were quite sure that the faster the dark people thronged to the churches to rejoice, the more fervently should the whites mourn and pray for mercy at home. Her grandfather said Pierre should escort her to the chapel of the convent, where she might go without being seen. That service was a fitting one for her

to attend; and he would spare her for a couple of hours, to be so spent, under the eye of the abbess. This, however, Euphrosyne declined. She preferred remaining to see from behind the blind what went on in the Jesuits' Walk—to see Afra and her gouvernante dressed for church—to see L'Ouverture set forth—to see the soldiers follow, marching in a compact body, each man carrying a green bough, in token of rejoicing. She did not know, any more than the crowd that lined the way, that in the centre of this body of military, and concealed by their green boughs, were the eleven mulatto prisoners.

Afra entered quickly to say farewell: and lifting her veil hastily, she said,

"Kiss me, and let me go. L'Ouverture says he shall take us into church himself, as my father is not here. Mademoiselle and I are going with Madame Ducie and her daughters; and L'Ouverture will wait for us at the church, and lead us in. Poor Euphrosyne! I wish you were going!"

"I never cared for anything half so much. Will you really walk all through the church to your seat on his arm? And I should have been on the other side, if grandpapa would have let me go!

Do not stay, dear. Tell me all about it when you come back."

"I must be gone. There will not be standing room for one person to spare. You know every one of my colour in Cap is ordered to be in the church as the hour strikes. Farewell."

Euphrosyne had thought she had heard the crier publish this order; and presently Pierre brought her the handbill to the same effect, which was passing from hand to hand. If Euphrosyne and Pierre speculated curiously on what this order might mean, what must have been the anxiety of the mulattoes! Most of them had known of the conspiracy of the day before: all had now heard of its failure. All were anxious to attend the church, as staying away would amount to a confession of disloyalty; but there was not one of them who did not go with fear and trembling, wishing that the day was over, though dreading what it might bring forth.

As Afra, and the ladies who attended her, drew near the great church, they found the streets absolutely empty. Loyalty, and the desire to appear loyal, had carried the entire population to the churches; and the houses appeared deserted by all

but an aged or sick person, here and there, who looked forth upon the activity he could not share. In the centre of the area before the church were piled the arms of the garrison and of Toussaint's troops; and on the top of the pile of arms lay the fetters which had just been removed from the mulatto conspirators. L'Ouverture, in giving his orders to this effect, had said that arms should be laid aside in the act of thanksgiving for peace; and bonds, while giving thanks for liberty. When, at length, he gave the signal for the military to enter the church after him, some of the officers looked earnestly to him for orders that a guard might be left with the arms. He understood their thoughts, and replied, with a smile:—

"Let every one enter to worship: the arms are safe. There is no one near who would employ them against us."

Afra's heart beat, and she did not forget Euphrosyne, as she was led to her seat by L'Ouverture, at whose entrance there was a half-suppressed murmur throughout the vast congregation,—a murmur which sank into silence at the first breathing of solemn music from the choir. The signs of gratulation for the escape of the Deliverer, first heard in

the streets, and now witnessed amidst the worshipping crowd, were too much for the self-command of the conspirators. Their attitude became every moment more downcast,—their countenances more sullen and wretched. They had a strong impression that their execution was to seal the thanksgivings of this day; and in every allusion to deliverance from danger, privy conspiracy, and rebellion, they believed that they read their own doom. A tempting idea of escape now and then crossed the imagination of one or other of them. As they sat with their heads upon their breasts, the thought that they were unfettered, and their guards unarmed, made them eager to glance around, and see if there was hope; but whenever they raised their eyes, and whichever way they looked, they encountered eyes seemingly as numerous as the stars of heaven,—as many, as penetrating, but not so calm. Eyes which shone with love of L'Ouverture, could not look benignly on those who would have kidnapped or murdered him. Nor did the eleven meet with any visible sympathy from the multitude of their own colour who were present. The greater number looked studiously another way, in order to appear to have no connexion with them; and the

countenances which were turned towards them wore a strong expression of displeasure, as towards men who had ruined the last hopes of a cause. The wretched men gave themselves up, at length, to counting the minutes till the service should be over, and they should be once more retired from this myriad of eyes, when they were roused by a singular suspension of the service.

After the prayer for divine pardon, ensuing upon mutual forgiveness, L'Ouverture arose from his knees, stepped from his place, and stood before the altar. He spoke, while all rose to hear.

"In this place," said he, "brethren should be reconciled, or their offering of thanksgiving will not be pure. Will all who feel enmity towards me come to this holy spot, and exchange forgiveness?"

He looked towards the conspirators, who gazed upon him with eager eyes, but did not move. They could not believe that this appeal was intended for them, till he beckoned to them. They advanced with hesitating steps,—first one or two,—then several,—then all;—and as they drew nearer, they rushed upon him, some kissing his hand, others kneeling and embracing his knees. Bidding these arise, he said gently, but in a voice so pene-

trating that it was heard in the farthest recess of the building,

"I must have offended you, since you have conspired against me; and you are very guilty towards me and your country. May He who looks down with pity on the shameful strifes of men, bear witness to our hearty forgiveness of each other! Can you with truth say Amen?—If not yet with truth, say it not till you have heard me."

"Amen!" they cried, with a cry which was echoed first from the roof of the church, and then by every voice beneath it which was not choked with sobs.

"If you had had patience with me," said Toussaint, "you would have found that I am above partiality in regard to race. When I find men of your colour fit for office, they shall be promoted to office, as my friend Raymond was. I entreat you henceforth to give me time; to watch me, though closely, generously; and if I fail to satisfy you, to make your complaints to myself. As for the past, let it be forgotten by all. Go to your homes; and I trust no one will ever speak to you of this day. As for myself, I must go where I am wanted. It may be that I shall have to punish the leader of

your colour, if he persists in disturbing the peace of the colony. But fear not that, if you do not share in his offences, I shall impute them to you. It is true that, however far off, my eye will be upon you, and my arm stretched out over you; but, as long as you are faithful, this my presence will be your protection. After the blessing, the amnesty I have promised will be read. This, my act of forgiveness, is sincere. Show that yours is so, I entreat, by cherishing the peace of the colony. By the sanctity of the place on which we stand, let there be peace among us all, and mutual forgiveness for all time to come!"

"Amen!" again resounded, louder than the most joyous strain of the choir that ever rang through the building.

L'Ouverture went back to his place, surrounded by the eleven released men, for whom room was made round his person by those who best could read his eye. After the priest had given the blessing, the amnesty was read which declared pardon for all political offences, and all personal offences against the Commander-in-chief, up to that hour. The moment it was concluded, those who had arrived at the church in custody, left it in

freedom, though in shame, and sped away to their several homes, as if the death they had anticipated were at their heels. There they told their wonderful tale to their families, turning the desolation of wives and children into joy almost too great to be believed.

Afra found, to her satisfaction, that no one had entered to tell Euphrosyne of this act of L'Ouverture. Euphrosyne had been full of perplexity about the mulattoes,—almost disposed to think the whole race must have suddenly gone mad. She had seen them two hours before, flocking to church with faces whose gloom contrasted strangely with their numbers, their holiday dresses, and their eagerness to be in time to secure admittance. She now saw them return, as if intoxicated with joy, cheering, the whole length of the Walk, and crying with an enthusiasm, if possible, surpassing that of the blacks, "Long live the deliverer!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE COUNCIL OF FIVE.

A COUNCIL was held one morning, soon after the events just related, whose aspect would have perplexed an old colonist, if he could have looked forward in vision to that day. In a shady apartment of Toussaint's house at Pongaudin sat five men, in whose hands lay the fortunes of the colony; and only one of these men was a white.

The five came to report well to one another of the fortunes of the colony. Never, in the old days, could any set of councillors have been gathered together, who could have brought with them such proofs of the welfare and comfort of every class of inhabitants. In former times, the colonial legislators were wont to congratulate the Assembly on the good working of their system;—which meant that the negroes were quiet, the mulattoes kept under, and the crops promising; but under this 'good

working,' there were the heart-burnings of the men of colour, the woes and the depravity of the slaves, and the domestic fears and discomforts of the masters, arising from this depravity. Now, when there was no oppression and no slavery, the simple system of justice was truly 'working well;' not only in the prospect of the crops, and the external quiet of the proprietors, but in the hearts and heads of every class of men,—of perhaps every family in the island.

Jacques Dessalines had arrived from St. Marc, near which his estate lay. He had to tell how the handsome crescent of freestone houses behind the quay was extending,—how busy were the wharves,—how the storehouses were overflowing,—how the sea was covered with merchant-ships,—and how the cheerful hum of prosperous industry was heard the long day through.

Henri Christophe had come from the city of St. Domingo, quite through the interior of the island. He had to tell how the reinstated whites paid him honour as he passed, on account of his friendship with L'Ouverture;—how the voice of song went up from the green valleys, and from the cottage-door;—how the glorious Artibonite rolled its full tide round the base of mountains which no

longer harboured the runaway or the thief, and through plains adorned with plenty, and smiling with peace.

M. Raymond arrived from the sittings of the Central Assembly. What good things he had to report will presently be seen.

Toussaint, with M. Pascal, had arrived from Cap, where all was at present quiet, and where he had done the best he could, as he believed, by making Moyse a general, and leaving him in charge of the town and district, till a person could be found fit for the difficult and most anxious office of Governor of Cap. The two most doubtful points of the colony were Port-au-Prince and Cap Français. They had been the great battle-grounds of races; they were the refuge of the discontented whites; and they were open to the operations of factious people from France. L'Ouverture was never sure of the peace and quiet of Cap, as long as French ships came and went: but there was peace in the town at the present moment; and he had left that peace in the temporary charge of one who had done much, under his eye, to establish it, —who had shown no small energy and talent, and who had every inducement that could be conceived

to go through his brief task well. Great had been Toussaint's satisfaction in offering to Moyse this honourable opportunity of distinguishing himself; and much had he enjoyed the anticipation of telling Génifrède of this fulfilment of her lover's ambition, and of the near approach of their union, in consequence. It is true, he had been disappointed by Génifrède's receiving this news with a shudder, and by none but forced smiles having been seen from her since: but he trusted that this was only a fit of apprehension, natural to one who loved so passionately, and that it would but enhance the bliss that was to succeed.

If, as usual, L'Ouverture had to report the situation of Cap Français as precarious, he brought good tidings of the South. An express had met him on his journey homewards, with news of the total defeat of the insurgent mulattoes by Vincent. Rigaud had surrendered his designs, and had actually sailed, with his principal officers, for France. Thus was the last torch of war extinguished in the colony, and matters of peaceful policy alone lay before this Council of Five.

The announcement of the entire pacification of the island was the first made by L'Ouverture, when

his friends and councillors looked eagerly to him for what he should say.

"Vincent is a fine fellow," said Dessalines, "and a credit to his colour."

"He has been in the most pressing danger," observed Toussaint. "God willed that he should escape, when escape appeared impossible."

"What is to be done now with these cowardly devils of mulattoes?" asked Dessalines.

M. Pascal glanced at Raymond, to see how he bore this. Raymond chanced to meet his eye, and replied to the glance,

"You will not take me for a cowardly mulatto, M. Pascal, if I do not resent Dessalines' words. He is speaking of the rebels, not of the many mulattoes who, like myself, disapprove and despise all such jealousy of race as leads to the barbarism of aggressive war."

"Yet," said Christophe, "I wish that we should all avoid such language as provokes jealousy of race."

"In council one must speak plainly," replied Dessalines. "I hope M. Pascal agrees with me; for doubtless certain affairs of the whites will be in question, with regard to which they may be unci-

villy spoken of. I was going to say, for instance (what L'Ouverture's secretary ought to be able to bear), that if we wish this state of peace to last, we must studiously keep the whites down,—exclude them from all situations of power and trust. You all know that, in my opinion, they ought every one to have been done with some time ago. As that was not effected, the next best policy is to let them die out. One may compute pretty well the time that this will take. If nothing better remains for them here than to live upon their estates, without a chance of distinction, or of employment in public affairs, they will grow tired of the colony; the next generation, at farthest, will be glad to sell their property, and go home; and we shall be rid of them."

"By that time, Jacques," said Toussaint, "you and I may find ourselves again in the midst of them, in a place whence we cannot drive them out."

Dessalines' countenance told, as well as words could have done, that heaven would be no heaven to him, if the spirits of white men were there. Toussaint well understood it, and resumed,

"Better begin here what may be our work there,

— draw closer, and learn from them the wisdom by which they have been the masters of the world: while they may learn from us, if they will, forgiveness of injuries."

"I am sick of hearing all that, Toussaint. It is for ever in your mouth."

"Because it is for ever in my heart. You will hear it from me, Jacques, till I see that there is no occasion to say it more.—As to Vincent, I propose to keep him, in token of honour, near my person; and to request the Central Assembly to decree to him an estate of such value as they shall think proper, to be purchased from the public treasury."

"That is, supposing he should desire to remain among us," observed Christophe: "but Vincent is fond of France."

"Then his estate shall be in France, Henri. Our friend Raymond will charge himself with this business in the Assembly."

"If I bring it forward in the form of a message from yourself," replied Raymond, "there is no doubt of its being carried by acclamation. The finances of the colony are flourishing: and the attachment of the Assembly to your person most enthusiastic."

"What of the finances?" asked Toussaint.

Raymond gave from his notes a statement which showed that both the customs' duties and internal taxes had been productive beyond all expectation; that the merchant-ships of almost every nation had visited the ports; and that, after defraying the expenses of the war now closed, there would be a surplus sufficient for the extension of the schools, and the formation of some new roads.

"What of the attachment of the Assembly to L'Ouverture's person?" asked Christophe.

"Every member of it sees that the prosperity of the island is the consequence of the vigorous prosecution of his system; and that there is no security but in its unquestioned continuance. The Commander-in-chief having been thus proved as eminently fitted for civil as for military government, the Assembly proposes to constitute him President of the colony for life, with power to choose his successor, and to appoint to all offices."

All eyes were now fixed upon Toussaint. He observed that a dark cloud must have hidden France from the eyes of the Assembly, when they framed this proposition of independent sovereignty.

Raymond had no doubt that France would agree

to have her colony governed in the best possible manner. If there should be a difficulty about the title of President, that of Governor might be substituted. The power being the same, there need not be a quarrel about the title. The Assembly would yield that point—probably the only one that France would dispute.

M. Pascal believed that France would never yield the power of appointing to offices of importance for life; still less that of choosing a successor.

"France ought not to yield such powers," said Toussaint; "and the Assembly ought not to bring upon me (representative as I am of my race) the imputation of a personal ambition which I abjure and despise. I could tell the Assembly that, if I had chosen to stoop under the yoke of personal ambition, I might have been sovereign of this island without waiting for their call.—Yes," he continued, in answer to the inquiring looks of his friends, "I have in my possession a treaty proposed to me by the British government, in which the English offer to make me king of this island,—in such case to be called by its ancient name of Hayti,—on condition of exclusive commerce."

"Is it even so?" exclaimed Christophe.

"Even so, Henri. The English believed that I had acted on my own account; and that we, the children of France, should turn against our mother in the day of her perplexity, and join hands with her foes."

"Any other man would have done it," said M. Pascal.

"No, Pascal; no man who was appointed, like me, to redeem his race."

"How do you consider that you will injure your race by accepting the proposal of the Assembly?" asked M. Pascal. "I understand why you would accept nothing from the hands of the English; and also why you would hesitate to assume a power which the government at home would doubtless disallow. But how would your race be injured by honours paid to you?"

"You are my friend," replied Toussaint. "Is it possible that you can fail to understand?"

"I call myself your friend too," said Dessalines, "and I declare I can comprehend nothing of it."

"Your prejudices on one point are strong, Jacques; and prejudice is blind. M. Pascal is singularly unprejudiced: and therefore I believed that he would understand me."

"Perhaps I do: but I wish to hear your reasons from yourself."

"Particularly," interposed Raymond, "as to whether you believe the blacks (who are, we know, your first object) would be more benefited by continued connexion with France, or by independence. I believe M. Pascal is unprejudiced enough to bear the discussion of even this point."

"It is that which I wish to understand clearly," observed M. Pascal.

"Whether, if I believed my race would be benefited by the independence of this island, I could answer it to my conscience to separate from France," said Toussaint, "we need not decide, as I am convinced that, amidst all the errors committed under the orders of government, it is best for us to remain in connexion with France. The civilisation of the whites is the greatest educational advantage we could enjoy. Yes, Jacques; and the more we despise it, the more we prove that we need it. The next great reason for remaining faithful is that we owe it to the white inhabitants of the colony not to deprive them of their connexion with Paris, on the one hand; nor of their liberty to live and prosper here, on the other. As regards my own peculiar

position,—I feel that my first duty is to present an example of reverence and affection for my country, and not of a selfish ambition.—I may have other personal reasons also, tending to the same conclusion."

"Some favourite passages in Epictetus, perhaps, or in the Bible," said Jacques: "some reasons confirmed by the whispers of the priests. Nothing short of priestly influence could blind you to such an opportunity as we now have of disembarrassing ourselves of the whites for ever."

"Patience, Jacques!" said Toussaint, smiling.

"I believe," said Christophe, "that there is neither book nor priest in the case. I believe that it is your peculiar feeling towards Bonaparte, Toussaint, which strengthens your affection for France."

Christophe saw, by a glance at his friend's countenance, that he was right.

"I should act as you do," Henri continued, "if I were certain of a full and generous reciprocity of feeling on the part of the government, and of Bonaparte. But I have no such confidence."

"Hear him!" cried Dessalines and Raymond.

"You were not wont to doubt Bonaparte, Henri," observed Toussaint.

"Because, till of late, there was no reason to doubt him. I still believe that he was in earnest at the outset, in his professed desire to serve France for the sake of France, and not for his own. But I believe that he has a head less strong than yours; that we shall see him transformed from the pacificator into the aggressor,—that, instead of waiting upon his pleasure, we may have to guard against injury from him."

"These words from the generous Henri," said Toussaint, "are portentous."

"I may be wrong, Toussaint. God grant, for the sake of the liberties of the world, that I may be proved mistaken! But, in the hour of choice between your sovereignty and continued dependence, you must not suppose the sympathy between the First of the Whites and the First of the Blacks to be greater than it is."

Toussaint could have told how Henri's words only confirmed misgivings, as to the public virtue of Bonaparte, which had long troubled his secret soul.

"Are you willing," he asked of M. Pascal, "to

tell us your anticipations as to the career of the First Consul? Do not speak, if you prefer to be silent."

"I cannot predict confidently," replied Pascal; "but I should not be surprised if we see Bonaparte unable to resist the offer of sovereignty. Once crowned, and feeling himself still compelled to speak incessantly of the good of his country, his views of good will become debased. He will invest France with military glory, and sink into ruin by becoming a conqueror;—a vulgar destiny, in this age,—a destiny which Alexander himself would probably scorn, if now born again into the world."

"Alas! my poor blacks, if this be indeed Bonaparte!" exclaimed Toussaint. "Their supreme need is of peace; and they may become the subjects of a conqueror."

"And happy if they be no worse than subjects," said Christophe.

"If," said Toussaint, "Bonaparte respects the liberties of the French no more than to reduce them from being a nation to being an army, he will not respect the liberties of the blacks, and will endeavour to make them once more slaves."

"Ah! you see!" exclaimed Dessalines.

"I neither see nor believe, Jacques. We are only speculating. I will be thoroughly faithful to my allegiance, till Bonaparte is unquestionably unfaithful to the principles by which he rose. At the moment, however, when he lifts his finger in menace of the liberties of the blacks, I will declare myself the Champion of St. Domingo;—not, however, through the offices of the English, but by the desire of those whom I govern."

"Say King of Hayti," exclaimed Christophe. "This island was Hayti, when it lay blooming in the midst of the ocean, fresh from the will of God, thronged with gentle beings who had never lifted up a hand against each other. It was Hayti when it received, as into a paradise, the first whites who came into our hemisphere, and who saw in our valleys and plains the Eden of the Scripture. It became St. Domingo when vice crept into it, and oppression turned its music into sighs, and violence laid it waste with famine and the sword. While the blacks and whites yet hate each other, let it be still St. Domingo: but when you withdraw us from jealousy and bloodshed, let it again be Hayti. While it holds its conquered name, there will be heart-burnings. If it became our own Hayti, we

might not only forgive, but forget. It would be a noble lot to be King of Hayti!"

"If so ordained, Henri. We must wait till it be so. My present clear duty is to cultivate peace, and the friendship of the whites. They must have their due from us, from Bonaparte himself, to the youngest infant in Cap. You may trust me, however, that from the hour that there is a whisper about slavery in the lightest of Bonaparte's dreams, I will consent to be called by whatever name can best defend our race."

"It will be too late then," said Dessalines. "Why wait till Bonaparte tells you his dreams? We know, without being told, that all the dreams of all whites are of our slavery."

"You are wrong, Jacques. That is no more true of all whites, than it is true of all blacks that they hate the whites as you do."

"You will find too late that I am not wrong," said Jacques. "Remember, in the day of our ruin, that my timely advice to you was to send for your sons from Paris, and then avow yourself king of St. Domingo,—or of Hayti, if you like that name better. To me that name tells of another coloured race, whom the whites wantonly oppressed and

destroyed. One cannot traverse the island without hearing the ghosts of those poor Indians, from every wood and every hill, calling to us for vengeance on their conquerors."

"Take care how you heed those voices, Dessalines," said Christophe. "They are not the voices of the gentle Indians that you hear; for the whites who injured them are long ago gone to judgment."

"And if they were still in the midst of us," said Toussaint, "vengeance is not ours. Jacques knows that my maxim in the field,—my order, which may not be transgressed,—is, NO RETALIATION! I will have the same rule obeyed in my council-chamber, as we all, I trust, observe it in our prayers. Jacques, you have not now to learn my principle and my command,—NO RETALIATION. Have you ever known it infringed, since the hour when you found me at Breda, and made me your chief?"

"Never."

"Nor shall you, while I am obeyed. If the hour for defence comes, we shall be ready. Till then, we owe allegiance."

"You will find it too late," Dessalines said, once more.

"The Assembly," said Toussaint to Raymond,

"will withdraw their proposition regarding my being President of this island. I have all needful power as Commander-in-chief of the colony."

"They have already published their request," said Raymond; "which I do not regret, because . . ."

"I regret it much," said Toussaint. "It will incense France."

"I do not regret it," pursued Raymond, "because it renders necessary the publication of your refusal, which cannot but satisfy France."

"On the point of Toussaint's supposed ambition, it may satisfy France," observed Christophe. "But if Bonaparte be jealous of the influence of the First of the Blacks, this homage of the Assembly will not abate his jealousy."

"Have you more messages for us, Raymond?—No. Then M. Pascal and I will examine these reports, and prepare my replies. This our little Council is memorable, friends, for being the first in which we could report of the entire pacification of the colony. May it be only the first of many! My friends, our council is ended."

CHAPTER VII.

LEISURE FOR ONCE.

Precious to the statesman are the moments he can snatch for the common pleasures which are strewed over the earth—meant, apparently, for the perpetual enjoyment of all its inhabitants. The child gathers flowers in the meadow, or runs up and down a green bank, or looks for birds' nests every spring day. The boy and girl hear the lark in the field and the linnet in the wood, as a matter of course: they walk beside the growing corn, and pass beneath the rookery, and feel nothing of its being a privilege. The sailor beholds the stars every bright night of the year, and is familiar with the thousand hues of the changing sea. The soldier on his march sees the sun rise and set on mountain and valley, plain and forest. The citizen, pent up in the centre of a wide-built town, has his hour for play with his little ones, his evenings for his wife and his friends. But for the statesman, none of

these are the pleasures of every day. Week after week, month after month, he can have no eyes for the freshness of nature, no leisure for small affairs, or for talk about things which cannot be called affairs at all. He may gaze at pictures on his walls, and hear music from the drawing-room, in the brief intervals of his labours; and he may now and then be taken by surprise by a glimpse of the cool bright stars, or by the waving of the boughs of some neighbouring tree. He may be beguiled by the grace or the freak of some little child, or struck by some wandering flower-scent in the streets, or some effect of sunlight on the evening cloud. But with these few and rare exceptions, he loses sight of the natural earth, and of its free intercourses, for weeks and months together; and precious in proportion—precious beyond his utmost anticipation—are his hours of holiday when at length they come. He gazes at the crescent moon hanging above the woods, and at the long morning shadows on the dewy grass, as if they would vanish before his eyes. He is intoxicated with the gurgle of the brook upon the stones, when he seeks the trout-stream with his line and basket. The whirring of the wild-birds' wing upon the moor, the bursting

of the chase from cover, the creaking of the harvest wain—the song of the vine-dressers—the laugh of the olive-gatherers—in every land where these sounds are heard, they make a child once more of the statesman who may for once have come forth to hear them. Sweeter still is the leisure hour with children in the garden or the meadow, and the quiet stroll with wife or sister in the evening, or the gay excursion during a whole day of liberty. If Sunday evenings are sweet to the labourer whose toils involve but little action of mind, how precious are his rarer holidays to the state-labourer, after the wear and tear of toil like his—after his daily experience of intense thought, of anxiety, and fear! In the path of such should spring the freshest grass, and on their heads should fall the softest of the moonlight, and the balmiest of the airs of heaven, if natural rewards are in any proportion to their purchase-money of toil.

The choicest holiday moments of the great negro statesman were those which he could spend with his wife and children, away from observing eyes and listening ears. He was never long pent up in the city, or detained by affairs within the walls of his palace. His business lay abroad, for the most

part; and he came and went continually, on horseback, throughout every part of the island. Admirable as were his laws and regulations, and zealously as he was served by his agents of every description, there was no security for the working of his system so good as his own frequent presence among the adoring people. The same love which made him so powerful abroad interfered with his comfort at home. There were persons ever on the watch for a glimpse of him, eager to catch every word and every look; and the very rarest of his pleasures was unwitnessed intercourse with his family.

At length, when Hédouville was gone away from one port, and Rigaud from another—when neither spy nor foe appeared to remain—it seemed to be time for him, who had given peace and leisure to everybody else, to enjoy a little of it himself. He allowed his children, therefore, to fix a day when he should go with them on a fishing excursion round the little island of Gonaïves, which was a beautiful object from the windows of the house at Pongaudin, as it lay in the midst of the bay.

The excursion had answered completely. Ge-

neral Vincent, leaving the south of the island in a state of perfect tranquillity, had arrived to enjoy his honours in the presence of L'Ouverture and his family. Madame Dessalines had come over from St. Marc. As Afra was of the party, M. Pascal had found it possible to leave his papers for a few hours. Toussaint had caught as many fish as if he had been Paul himself. He had wandered away with his girls into the wood, till he was sent to the boats again by the country-people who gathered about him ; and he lay hidden with Denis under the awning of the barge, playing duck and drake on the smooth water, till the islanders found out where he was, and came swimming out, to spoil their sport. It was a day too soon gone : but yet he did not consider it ended when they landed at Pongaudin, at ten o'clock. The moon was high, the gardens looked lovely ; and he led his wife away from the party, among the green alleys of the shrubbery.

"I want to know what you think," exclaimed Madame L'Ouverture, as they emerged from a shaded walk upon a grass plot, on which the light lay clear and strong,—"I want to ask you,"—and as she spoke, she looked round to see that no one

was at hand,—"whether you do not think that General Vincent loves Aimée."

"I think he does. I suspected it before, and to-day I am sure of it."

"And are not you glad?"

"That partly depends on whether Aimée loves him. I doubt whether Vincent, who is usually a confident fellow enough, is so happy about the matter as you are."

"Aimée is not one who will ever show herself too ready . . . Aimée is very quiet . . ."

"Well, but, is she ready in her heart? Does she care about Vincent?"

"I do not know that she does quite yet,—though I think she likes him very much, too. But surely she will love him,—she must love him,—so much as he loves her,—and so delightful, so desirable a match as it is, in every way!"

"You think it so."

"Why, do not you? Consider how many years we have known him, and what confidence you had in him when you sent him with our dear boys to Paris! And now he has done great things in the south. He comes, covered with glory, to ask us for our Aimée. What could be more flattering?"

"It was our child's future happiness that I was thinking of, when I seemed to doubt. Vincent is full of good qualities; but he is so wholly French that"

"Not so French as M. Pascal, who was born, brought up, and employed at Paris; and you are pleased that he should marry Afra."

"Vincent is more French than Pascal, though he is a black. He is devoted to Bonaparte"

"What of that?" said Madame L'Ouverture, after a pause. "He is devoted to you also. And are you not yourself devoted to France and to Bonaparte? Do we not pray together for him every day of our lives?"

"Remember, Margot, to pray for him every day, as long as you live, if I am separated from you, by death or otherwise. Pray that such a blessing may rest upon him as that he may be wise to see his duty, and strong to do it. If he injures us, pray that he may be forgiven."

"I will," replied Margot, in a low voice; "but—"

She was lost in considering what this might mean.

"As for Vincent," resumed Toussaint,—"my

doubt is whether, with his views and tastes, he ought to ally himself with a doomed man."

"Vincent is ambitious, my dear husband; and, even if he did not love our child as he does, he might be anxious to ally himself with one so powerful,—so full of honours,—with so very great a man as you. I would not speak exactly so if we were not alone: but it is very true, now that the Central Assembly has declared you supreme in the colony. Consider what Vincent must think of that! And he has travelled so much in the island, that he must have seen how you deserve all that is said of you. He has seen how all the runaways have come down from the mountains, and the pirates in from the reefs and the coves; and how they are all honestly cultivating the fields, and fishing in the bays. He has seen how rich the whole island is growing; and how contented, and industrious, and honest the people are, in this short time. He has seen that all this is your work: and he may well be ambitious to be your son-in-law."

"Unless he has the foresight to perceive, with all this, that I am a doomed man."

"I thought you said so,—I thought I heard that

word before," said Margot, in a trembling voice; "but I could not believe it."

Toussaint knew by her tone that some vague idea of evil agency,—some almost forgotten superstition, was crossing her imagination: and he hastened to explain.

"Do not imagine," said he, solemnly, "do not for a moment suppose that God is not on our side, —that he will for a moment forsake us. But it is not always his pleasure that his servants should prosper, though their good work prospers in the end. I firmly trust and believe that our Father will not permit us to be made slaves again; but it may be his will that I and others should fall in defending our freedom."

"But the wars are at an end. Your battles are all over, my love."

"How can we be sure of that, when Bonaparte has yet to learn what the Assembly has done? Hédouville is on the way home, eager to report of the blacks, while he is ignorant of their minds, and prejudiced about their conduct. M. Papalier and other planters are at Paris, at the ear of Bonaparte, while his ear is already so quickened by jealousy, that it takes in the lightest whisper against me and

my race.—How can we say that my battles are over, love, when every new success and honour makes this man, who ought to be my brother, yet more my foe?"

"Oh, write to him! Write to him, and tell him how you would have him be a brother to you!"

"Have I not written twice, and had no reply but neglect? I wrote to him to announce the earliest prospect of entire peace. I wrote again, to explain my intercourse with his agent Roume, and requested his sanction of what I had done. There has been no reply."

"Then write again. Write this very night!"

"I wrote yesterday, to inform him fully concerning the new constitution framed by the Assembly. I told him that it should be put in force provisionally, till the pleasure of his government is made known."

"Oh, then, that must bring an answer."

Toussaint was silent.

"He must send some sort of answer to that," pursued Margot. "What answer do you think it will be?"

"You remember the great eagle that I shot, when we lived under the mountains, Margot? Do

you remember how the kids played in the pasture, with the shadow of that huge eagle floating above them?"

Margot, trembling, pressed closer to her husband's side.

"You saw to-day," he continued, "that troop of gay dolphins, in the smooth sea beyond the island. You saw the shark, with its glaring eyes, opening its monstrous jaws, as it rose near the pretty creatures, and hovered about them."

"But you shot the eagle," cried Margot; "and Denis wounded the shark."

"Heaven only knows how it may end with us," said Toussaint; "but we have the shadow of Bonaparte's jealousy over us, and danger all about us. The greater our prosperity, the more certain is it to bring all France down upon us."

"Oh, can Bonaparte be so cruel?"

"I do not blame him for this our danger; and any future woe must all go to the account of our former slavery. We negroes are ignorant, and have been made loose, deceitful, and idle, by slavery. The whites have been made tyrannical and unjust, by being masters. They believe us now ambitious, rebellious, and revengeful, because

it would be no wonder if we were so. All this injustice comes of our former slavery. God forbid that I should be unjust too, and lay the blame where it is not due! For nothing done or feared in St. Domingo do I blame Bonaparte."

"Then you think,—Oh! say you think there is no danger for Placide and Isaac. Bonaparte is so kind to them! Surely Placide and Isaac can be in no danger!"

"There is no fear for their present safety, my love."

Toussaint would not for the world have told of his frequent daily thought and nightly dream, as to what might be the fate of these hostages, deliberately sent to France, and deliberately left there now. He would not subject himself to entreaties respecting their return which he dared not listen to, now that their recal would most certainly excite suspicions of the fidelity of the blacks. Not to save his children would L'Ouverture do an act to excite or confirm any distrust of his people."

"Bonaparte is kind to them, as you say, Margot. And if Vincent should win our Aimée, that will be another security for the lads; for no one doubts his attachment to France."

"I hope Vincent will win her. But when will you send for the boys? They have been gone very long. When will you send?"

"As soon as affairs will allow. Do not urge me, Margot. I think of it day and night."

"Then there is some danger. You would not speak so if there were not. Oh! my husband! marry Vincent to Aimée! You say that will be a security."

"We must not forget Aimée herself, my love. If she should hereafter find her heart torn between her lover and her parents,—if the hour should come for every one here to choose between Bonaparte and me, and Vincent should still adore the First of the Whites, what will become of the child of the First of the Blacks? Ought not her parents to have foreseen such a struggle?"

"Alas! what is to become of us all, Toussaint?"

"Perhaps Génifrède is the happiest of our children, Margot. She looks anxious to-day: but in a few more days, I hope even her trembling heart will be at rest."

"It never will," said Margot, mournfully. "I think there is some evil influence upon our poor child, to afflict her with perpetual fear. She still

fears ghosts, rather than fear nothing. She enjoys nothing, except when Moyse is by her side."

"Well, Moyse will presently be by her side; and for life.—I was proud of him, Margot, last week at Cap. I knew his military talents, from the day when we used to call the boy General Moyse. I saw by his eye, when I announced him as General Moyse in Cap, that he remembered those old days on the north shore. Oh, yes, I was aware of his talents in that direction, from his boyhood; but I found in him power of another kind. You know what a passionate lover he is."

"Yes, indeed. Never did I see such a lover!"

"Well, he puts this same power and devotedness into his occupation of the hour, whatever it may be."

"Do you mean that he forgets Génifrède, when he is away from her?"

"I rather hope that it is the remembrance of her that animates him in his work. I am sure that it is so; for I said a few words to him about home which made him very happy. If I were to see him failing, as we once feared he would,—if I saw him yielding to his passions,—to the prejudices and passions of the negro and the slave, my reproof would

be 'You forget Génifrède.' Moyse has yet much to learn,—and much to overcome; yet I look upon Génifrède as perhaps the most favoured of our children. It is so great a thing to be so beloved!"

"It is indeed the greatest thing." Margot stopped, as a turn in the walk brought them in view of the house. The long ranges of verandah stood in the moonlight, checkered with the still shadows of the neighbouring trees. Every window of the large white mansion gave out a stream of yellow light, to contrast with the silvery shining of the moon. "This is very unlike the hut we went to when we were married, Toussaint. Yet I was quite happy and contented. It is indeed, the greatest thing to be loved."

"And have you not that greatest thing here too? Do I not love you, my Margot?"

"O yes! Yes, indeed, we love each other as much as we did then—in that single room, with its earthen floor, and its cribs against the wall, and the iron pot in the fire-place, and the hen pecking before the door. But, Toussaint, look at the difference now! Look at this beautiful house, and all the gardens and cane-pieces—and think of our palace at Port-au-Prince—and think of the girls as they

look at church, or in the boat to-day—and how the country is up, rejoicing, wherever you go—and how the Assembly consider you—think of all that has happened since that wedding-day of ours at Breda! It is so fine—so wonderful, that you shall not frighten me about anything that can happen. I am sure the blessing of God is upon you, my husband; and you shall not make me afraid."

"I would have none be afraid while God reigns, Margot. May you ever say that you will not fear! The blessing of God may be on us now, love; but it was never more so than when we went home to our hut at Breda. When I lay under the trees at noon, taking care of the cattle, how many things I used to think of to say to you when I came home!"

"And so did I, as I kneeled at my washing by the brook-side, and you were driving M. Bayou, twenty miles off, and were expected home in the evening. How much there was to say at the end of those days!"

"It was not for ourselves then, Margot, that we have been raised to what we are. We were as happy drawing water in the wood, and gathering plantains in the negro-grounds, as we have ever

been in these shrubberies. We were as merry in that single room at Breda as in this mansion, or in our palace. It is not for our own sakes that we have been so raised."

"It is pleasant for our children."

"It is. And it is good for our race. It is to make us their servants. O! Margot, if ever you find a thought of pride stirring at your heart, remember that if the blacks were less ignorant and more wise, it would not matter whether we lived as we used to do, or as we live now. It is because we negroes are vain and corrupted that show and state are necessary: and the sight of our show and state should, therefore, humble us."

"I am sure you are not fond of show and state. You eat and drink, and wait upon yourself, as you did at Breda; and your uniform is the only fine dress you like to wear. I am sure you had rather have no court."

"Very true. I submit to such state as we have about us, for the sake of the negroes who need it. To me it is a sacrifice; but, Margot, we must make sacrifices—perhaps some which you may little dream of, while looking round upon our possessions, and our rank, and our children, worshipped as they are.

We must carry the same spirit of sacrifice into all our acts; and be ready to suffer, and perhaps to fall, for the sake of the blacks. The less pride now, Margot, the less shame and sorrow then!"

"I wish not to be proud," said Margot, trembling—"I pray that I may not be proud; but it is difficult . . . Hark! there is a footstep! Let us turn into this alley."

"Nay," said Toussaint, "it is M. Pascal. No doubt I am wanted."

"For ever wanted!" exclaimed Margot. "No peace!"

"It was not so at Breda," said Toussaint, smiling. "I was just speaking of sacrifice, you know; and this is not the last night that the moon will shine.—News, M. Pascal?"

"News from Cap," replied M. Pascal, in a depressed tone. "Bad news! Here are despatches. Not a moment is to be lost."

"There is light enough," said Toussaint, turning so that the moonlight fell upon the page.

While he read, M. Pascal told Madame L'Ouverture that messengers had brought news of a quarrel at Cap,—a quarrel between the races, unhappily, about Hédouville's proclamation again;—

a quarrel in which several whites had been killed. All was presently quiet; but the whites were crying out for vengeance.

"No peace, as you say, Margot," observed Toussaint, when he had run over the letters. "See what a strong hand and watchful eye our poor people require! The curse of slavery is still upon us."

"How is Moyse? Tell me only that. What is Moyse doing?"

"I do not understand Moyse, nor what he is doing," said Toussaint, gloomily. "M. Pascal . . ."

"Your horses are coming round," said Pascal, "and I shall be there almost as soon as you."

"Right: and Laxabon. From me, ask the favour of Father Laxabon to follow without delay. —Margot, take care of poor Génifrède. Farewell!"

As he passed through the piazza, to mount his horse, Toussaint saw Génifrède standing there, like a statue. He embraced her, and found her cold as marble. He returned to his family for an instant, to beg that she might not be immediately disturbed. In an hour or two, she might be able to speak to her mother or sister; and she could not

now. Once more he whispered to her that he would send her early news, and was gone.

Again and again Aimée looked timidly forth, to see if she might venture to approach her sister. Once Madame L'Ouverture went to her, and once Thérèse; but she would say nothing but "Leave me!" From her they went to Afra, who wept incessantly, though she did not reject their consolations. The night wore on wearily and drearily. When the moon set, and the damps were felt wherever the air penetrated, Madame L'Ouverture went once more to Génifrède, determined to take her to her own chamber, and win her to open her heart. But Génifrède was not there, nor in her chamber. The mother's terror was great, till a cultivator came to say that Mademoiselle L'Ouverture had gone a journey on horseback, with her brother Denis to take care of her. Denis's bed was indeed found empty: and two horses were gone from the stables. They had fled to Moyse, no doubt. The hope was, that they might fall in with Father Laxabon on the road, who would surely bring the poor girl back. There was another road, however: and by this road, Thérèse declared that she would follow.

"Yes, yes,—go!" exclaimed Madame L'Ouverture. "She will heed you, if any one. She thinks you understand her. She says . . ."

"She loves me," said Thérèse, sighing, "because . . . I hardly know . . . but Heaven forgive me, if it be as she says!"

"She says you hate the whites," declared Aimée. "If it be so, may indeed Heaven forgive you! Moyse hates the whites: and you see how wretched we are!"

"Aimée, do not be hard. We are made to love —my heart inclines to all who are about me:— but if there are some,—if one cannot—O, Aimée, do not be hard!"

"It is those who hate who are hard," said Aimée, whose tears fell fast, in sympathy with Afra's. "Is it not so, Afra?"

"Well, I will go," said Thérèse, gently. "One kiss, Aimée, for Génifrède's sake!"

"For your own," said Aimée, tenderly embracing her. "Bring back poor Génifrède! Tell her we will devote ourselves to her."

"Bring back my child," said Margot. "Be sure you tell her that there may be good news yet.

Moyse may have explanations to give;—he may do great things yet."

These words renewed Afra's weeping, in the midst of which Thérèse hastened away: when the remnant of the anxious family retired to their chambers, not to sleep, but to pray and wait.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERPLEXITY.

As it might be supposed, M. Revel and his grandchild had no desire to remain in Government-House a moment longer than was necessary, as Afra was obliged to leave it. Afra's last care, before quitting Cap, was to see that her friends were properly escorted to their home.

Euphrosyne was still struggling with the grief of saying farewell to Afra, when she entered the pleasant sitting-room at home; but she smiled through her tears when she saw how cheerful it looked. There was a mild, cool light in the room, proceeding from the reflection of th
shine from the trees of the convent garden. The blinds were open; and the perspective of one of the alleys was seen in the large mirror on the wall,—the shrubs noiselessly waving, and the gay flowers nodding, in a sunlight and breeze which were not

felt within. Euphrosyne's work lay upon the table; the needle sticking in the very stitch of embroidery at which she had laid it down, when she went to see if her grandfather was awake, on the morning of their alarm. Some loose music had been blown down from the stand upon the floor; and the bouquet of flowers was dead, the water dried up, and the leaves fallen to dust; but when these were removed, there were no further signs of neglect and desertion.

"How bright, how natural everything looks!" cried Euphrosyne. "I do love this room. This is the place that we thought was to be sacked and burnt! I won't believe such nonsense another time. I never will be frightened again. Grandpapa, do not you love this room?"

"It is a pretty room, my dear; and it looks very bright when you are in it."

"O, thank you!" she cried, dropping a sportive curtsey. "And now, will you look at my work, ... (sit down here)—and tell me,—(where are your glasses?)—tell me whether you ever saw a prettier pattern. It is a handkerchief fit for a princess."

"It is very prettily worked, my dear. And whom is it for? Some very elegant lady. Is it

for the First Consul's lady? They say she is the most elegant lady in the world,—though she is a Creole, like you, my darling. Is your pretty handkerchief for her?"

"No, grandpapa. I dare say she has all the ladies in France to work for her. I should like, if you have no objection, to send this to Madame L'Ouverture."

"To Madame L'Ouverture! Why? Has not she daughters to work handkerchiefs for her, and plenty of money to buy them? Why should you prick your fingers in her service?"

"I should like that L'Ouverture himself should observe, some day, that she has a beautiful handkerchief; and then, if he should ask, he would find out that there is a little Creole girl who is very grateful to him for his generosity to her colour."

"Do not speak of colour, child. What expressions you pick up from Afra, and such people! It is our distinction that we have no colour,—that we are white."

"That is the distinction of the nuns, I know; but I hoped it was not mine yet. I do not forget how you pinch my cheek sometimes, and talk about roses."

"What is there? What do I see?" cried the old man, whose mind seemed open to everything agreeable that met his observation, on his return home. "Are those the same little birds that you were wooing the other morning? No creature that has ever seen you, my dear, ever forgets you. Nothing that you have spoken to ever deserts you. Shy creatures that are afraid of everybody else, haunt you."

"O, you are thinking of the little spotted fawn."

"Spotted fawn or squirrel,—baby or humming-bird,—it is always the same, child. They all come to you. I dare say these little creatures have been flitting about the balcony and these rooms, ever since we went away. Now they have found you."

"They do not seem to care much about me, now we have met," said Euphrosyne. She followed them softly to the balcony, and along it, as far as the window of M. Revel's room. There she found, stuck in the bars of the balcony, a rather fresh branch of orange-blossoms. While she was examining this, in some surprise, old Raphael spoke to her from below. He said he had made bold to

climb up by his ladder, twice a day, with something to entice the birds to that window; as he supposed that was what she wished, if she had been at home. The abbess had given him leave to take this liberty.

"There!" said M. Revel, when she flew to tell him, "there is another follower to add to your fawns and kittens. Old Raphael is considered a crusty fellow everywhere; and you see how different he is with you!"

"I am very glad," declared Euphrosyne. "It is a pretty sight to amuse you with, every morning when you wake. It is kind of Raphael; and of the abbess too."

"I am pleased that the abbess and you should be good friends, Euphrosyne, because Ah! that is the way," he said, in a mortified tone, and throwing himself back in his chair, as he followed with his eyes the flittings of the girl about the room, after her birds. "You have got your own way with everybody, and we have spoiled you; and there is no speaking to you upon a subject that you do not like. You will not hear, though it is a thing that lies heavy at the heart of a dying old man."

"I will hear you, if you talk to me all my life," said Euphrosyne, with brimming eyes, seating herself on a low stool at the old man's knees.

"And if you hear me, you will not give me a grave, steady answer."

"Try me," said she, brushing away the gathering tears. "I am not crying about anything you are going to say; but only because . . . O grandpapa! how could you think I would not listen to you?"

"Well, well, my love! I see that you are willing now. You remember your promise to enter the convent, if I desired it."

"Yes."

"You talk of nothing being changed by our alarm, two days ago, because this table stands in the middle of the room, and the ants and beetles have not carried off your pretty work. Hey!"

"May I speak, grandpapa?"

"Speak."

"I said so because nobody's house is burnt, or even robbed; and nobody has been killed, or even hurt."

"But, nevertheless, there is a great change. Our friends, my old friends, all whom I feel I

could rely upon in case of need, are gone to France with Hédouville."

"Oh, grandpapa,—very few whites are gone;—they were chiefly mulattoes who went with Hédouville; and so many whites remain! And though they are not, except, perhaps, M. Critois, exactly our friends, yet we can easily make acquaintance with them."

"No, no, child. If they were not upstarts, as some of them are, and others returned emigrants, of whom I know nothing, it is too late now for me to make new friends. My old companions are gone; and the place is a desert to me."

His hands hung listlessly, as he rested on the arms of his chair. Euphrosyne looked up in his face, while she said, as well as she could for tears,

"If you feel it so now, what will it be when I am shut up in the convent, and you will hardly ever see me?"

"That is no affair of yours, child. I choose that you should go."

"Whose affair is it, if it is not mine? I am your grand-child,—your only one; and it is my business, and the greatest pleasure I have in the world, to be with you, and wait upon you.—If I

leave you, I shall hear my poor mother reproaching me all day long. Every morning at my lessons, every night at my prayers, I shall hear her saying, 'Where is your grandfather? How dare you desert him when he has only you left?' Grandpapa, I shall be afraid to sleep alone. I shall learn to be afraid of my blessed mother."

"It is time you were sent somewhere to learn your duty, I think. We are at a bad pass enough; but there must be some one in the colony who can tell you that it is your duty to obey your grandfather, —that it is your duty to perform what you promised him."

"I can preach that myself, grandpapa, when there is nobody else who can do it better. It is just what I have been teaching little Babet, this month past. I have no more to learn about that; but I will tell you what I do want to learn,—whether you are most afraid of my growing up ignorant, or . . . (do just let me finish, and then we shall agree charmingly, I dare say),—whether you are most afraid of my growing up ignorant, or unsteady, or ill-mannered, or wicked, or what? As for being unsafe, I do not believe a word of that."

"Everything,—all these things, child. I am afraid of them all."

"What, all! What a dreadfully unpromising creature I must be!"

"You know you must be very ignorant. You have had no one to teach you anything."

"Then I will go to the convent to study for four, six, eight, twelve hours a day. I shall soon have learned everything in the world at that rate: and yet I can go on singing to you in the evenings, and bringing your coffee in the mornings. Twelve hours' study a day may perhaps make me steady, too. That was the next thing, was it not?"

"Now have done. Say only one thing more,—that you will perform your promise."

"That is a thing of course; so I may just ask one other thing. Who is to wait upon you in my place?—Ah! I see you have not fixed upon any one yet; and, let me tell you, it will be no easy matter to find one who makes coffee as I do. Then, you have been waited upon by a slave all your life. Yes, you have; and you have a slave now sitting at your knee. People do not like being slaves now-a-days,—nobody but me. Now, I like it of all things. So, what a pity to change!"

"I know," said the old man, sighing, "that I am apt to be peremptory. I know it is difficult to please me sometimes. It is very late in life,—I am very old to set about improving: but I will try not to hurt any one who will wait upon me, as I am afraid I have often hurt you, my dear. I will make any effort, if I can only feel that you are safe. Some one has been telling you stories of old times, I see. Perhaps you can ask any servant that we may engage,—you may make it your request that she will bear with me."

"O grandpapa! Stop, grandpapa! I cannot bear it," cried the sobbing girl. "I never will joke again, if you do not see that it is because I love you so, that I will venture anything rather than leave you. We all love you dearly. Pierre would not for the world live with anybody else. You know he would not. And that is just what I feel. But I will do everything you wish. I will never refuse again,—I will never jest, or try, even for your own sake, to prevent your having all your own way. Only be so kind, grandpapa, as never to say anything against yourself again. Nobody else would dare to do such a thing to me, and I cannot bear it."

"Well, well, love; I see now that no one has been babbling to you. We will never quarrel any more. You will do as I wish, and we will have no more disputing.—Are they bringing our coffee?"

When Euphrosyne came out from placing her grandfather's pillows, and bidding him good-night, she found Pierre lingering about, as if wanting to speak to her.

"Have you anything to say to me, Pierre?"

"Only just to take the liberty of asking, Mademoiselle, whether you could not possibly gratify my master in the thing he has set his heart upon. If you could, Mademoiselle, you may rely on it, I would take every care of him in your absence."

"I have no doubt, Pierre, of your doing your part."

"Your part and mine are not the same, I know, Mademoiselle. But he is so persuaded of there being danger for you here, that everything you do for him goes to his heart."

"Have *you* that idea, Pierre?"

"Indeed, Mademoiselle, I know nothing about it,—more than that it takes a long time for people in a town, or an island, to live comfortably toge-

ther, on equal terms, after having all their lives looked upon one another as tyrants and low revengeful servants."

"I do not think any one looks on me as a tyrant, or would think of hurting poor grandpapa or me. How you shake your head, Pierre! We have lived seven years in peace and quiet,—sometimes being afraid, but never having found cause for fear. However, if grandpapa really is uneasy"

"That is the point, Mademoiselle. He is so."

"Do you suppose I could see the abbess, if I were to go to the convent to consult her? It is not late."

"If the Dumonts were but here still!" said Pierre,—"only next door but one! It was a comfort to have them at hand on any difficulty."

"If they were here, I should not consult them. They were so prejudiced against all the mulattoes, and put so little trust in L'Ouverture himself,—as indeed their going off in such a hurry with Hédouville proves,—that I should not have cared for their opinion to-night. Suppose you step to the convent, Pierre, and ask whether the lady abbess could see me for half-an-hour on business. If I am

to leave grandpapa, I should like to tell him in the morning that it is all settled."

Pierre went with alacrity, and was back in three minutes, when he found Euphrosyne shawled and veiled for the visit. The lady awaited her.

"What can I do for you, my child?" said the abbess, kindly seating Euphrosyne beside her, in her parlour.

"You will tell me what you think it is my duty to do, when I have told you my story. I know I have laughed and joked too much about this very matter: and that partly because I had a will of my own about it. But it is all serious enough now; and I really do wish to find out my duty upon it."

"In order to do your duty, whatever it may cost you?"

"Certainly."

She then told her story. The lady at length smiled, and observed,

"You have no very strong inclination to join us, I perceive."

"Not any," frankly replied Euphrosyne. "I have no doubt the sisters are very happy. They chose their way of life for themselves. I only feel

it is one that I should never choose. Nor would grandpapa for me, for more than a short time. I hope, madam, you understand that we neither of us think of my ever becoming a nun."

"I see that there is no present sign of its being your vocation."

"And there never will be," cried Euphrosyne, very earnestly. "I assure you, I cannot bear the idea of it."

"So I perceive, my dear. I am quite convinced, I assure you. Have you as great a dislike to being educated?"

"Almost, I am afraid. But I could get over that. I like reading very well, and learning things at my own time, and in my own way: but I feel rather old to begin to be under orders as to what I shall learn, and when and how: and yet rather young to be so grave and regular as the sisters are. I am fifteen, you know."

"You are not aware, I see, how much we laugh when we are by ourselves, nor how we like to see girls of fifteen happy and gay. I think, too, that I may answer for the sisters not quarrelling with you about what you are to learn. You will comply with the rules of the house as to hours; and

your preceptresses will allow you, as far as possible, to follow your bent."

"You are very kind, as you always are. But I think far less of all this than of what grandpapa is to do without me. Consider what long, weary days he will have! He has scarcely any acquaintance left in Cap; and he has been accustomed to do nothing without me. He will sit and cry all day,—I know he will."

And Euphrosyne's tears began to overflow at the thought.

"It is a great honour, my child, to have been made such a blessing to an old man."

"It was almost the only one he had left. Up to that terrible ninety-one . . ."

The abbess shuddered.

"You knew my mother and sisters?"

"Very little. I was then a humble sister, and had little intercourse with any ladies who might occasionally visit us. But I remember her coming, one day, with her children,—three girls,—one who ran about the garden, and two modest, blushing girls, who accepted some of our flowers."

"I must have been the little one who ran about, and the others were my poor sisters. Well, all

these, besides my papa, were always about grandpapa; and he never wanted amusement, or waiting on. Since that dreadful time, he has had only me; and now, in his old age, when he has no strength, and nothing to do, he is going to be all alone! O, madam, I think it is wicked to leave him! Had anybody ever a clearer duty than I have,—to stay with him?"

"You would be quite right, if it was anybody but himself that desired you to leave him. Your first duty, my dear, is to obey his wishes."

"I shall never be able to learn my lessons, for thirking of him, sitting alone there,—or perhaps lying in bed, because there is nothing to get up for."

"Now you are presumptuous. You are counting upon what may never happen, and fearing to leave your parent in thehand of Him who gave you to him. Suppose you were to die to-night, I fear you could not trust him in the hands of Him who wraps us round with old age, before taking us home to himself."

"O yes, I could so trust him to-night, if I myself had watched him to sleep. But a month hence, if I were to die, I should dread to meet my

parents. They would ask me, 'How is our father?' and I should have to answer, 'I do not know,—I have left him,—I have done nothing for him of late.' The whole time that I am here, madam, I shall be afraid to die and meet my mother."

"We must lead you to doubt your own notions, and to trust more in God," said the lady, gently. "We know not what a day may bring forth; and as you grow older, you will find how, in cases of hard and doubtful duty, our way becomes suddenly clear, so as to make us ashamed of our late anguish. Father Gabriel will tell you that one night he lost his way among the marshes in the plain. The clouds hung thick and low overhead, and there was not a ray of light. He plunged on the one hand into the marsh; and on the other, the reeds grew higher than his head. Behind him was a wood that he had hardly managed to struggle through; and he knew not what might be before him. He groped about for a firm place to stand on, and had no idea which way to move. At last, without his having felt a breath of wind, he found that the clouds had parted to the right, making a chink through which he saw the Cibao peaks standing up against a star-light sky; and, to the left, there

was, on the horizon, a dim white line which he could not understand, till the crescent moon dropped down from behind the cloudy canopy, across a bar of clear sky, and into the sea. This made him look whether the church of St. Hilaire was not close by. He made out its dim mass through the darkness, and in a few minutes stood in the porch. So, my child, is our way (even yours, young as you are) sometimes made too dark for our feeble eyes; and thus, from one quarter or another, is a ray permitted to fall, that we may not be lost."

"Thank you," said Euphrosyne, softly. "May I come to-morrow?"

"At any hour you shall be welcome, my dear."

"If you will appoint me something to do every morning in the garden, madam, grandpapa might sit in the balcony, to see me, and talk to me. That will be a reason for his getting up. That will prevent his lying too long, for want of something to do."

"A very good plan. If you love your grandfather so, Euphrosyne, how would you have loved your mother, if she had lived?"

"Had you a mother, when you were my age?"

"Yes, my dear. But do not let us speak of that. Do you remember your mama, my dear?"

"Yes—a little. I remember her sitting in a wood—on the ground—with her head bent down upon her knees, and a great many black people about."

"Well—tell me no more. I ought not to have asked you. I was not thinking of that horrid time."

"But I do not mind telling you. I like to speak of it; and I never can to grandpapa—it makes him so ill. Mama shook so, that I remember putting my arms about her to keep her warm, till I found how burning hot her hands were. My sisters were crying; and they told me not to ask any more why papa did not come to us; for he was dead. I remember being wakened by a noise when I was very sleepy, and seeing some soldiers. One of them lifted me up, and I was frightened, till I saw that they were carrying mama too. They put us both into a cart. I did not see my sisters; and I believe they were both dead then, of grief and hardship. And mama never spoke again. She looked as pale as her gown as she lay in the cart, with her eyes shut. She was breathing, how-

ever, and I thought she was asleep. I felt very sleepy and odd. The soldiers said I was half-starved, and they gave me a plantain that they pulled by the road-side. I wanted them to give some to mama too; but they made me no answer. I put mine into her hand; but she let it fall; and I cried because she would not take any notice. Then one of the soldiers bade me eat my plantain: and I thought I must do as I was bid. I forget where we went next."

"You remember more than I had supposed. Your mother was brought on board the ship where we were; and there she presently died."

"You were on board ship, madam!"

"Yes—all the sisters—for the town was not considered safe, even for us."

"And where was . . ." Euphrosyne stopped abruptly.

"You were going to ask where my mother was," said the lady. "I feel that I was wrong in stopping you as I did just now—for you might fancy that my mother was in some way to blame. She was a good mother to me—full of kindness; but I did not make her happy."

"You did not?"

"Indeed I did not. I crossed her in the thing she desired most of all,—that we should live together. I believed it my duty to become a nun, and I left her. She returned to France, being a widow, and having no other child; and there she died, among distant relations."

"Was she angry with you?"

"She never said or showed that she was. But I know that she was grieved to the very soul, and for life. This, my dear, has been the greatest affliction I have ever known. I did not feel it so at the time, having no doubt of my vocation; but what I have suffered since from the thought that an only child and only parent, who ought to have made each other happy, were both miserable, God only knows."

"Yet you did what you thought was your duty to God. I wonder whether you were right?"

"If you knew how many times but," said the lady, interrupting herself, "we shall know all when our hearts are laid open; and I may minister to my mother yet. If I erred, and there be further punishment yet for my error, I am ready to bear it. You see, my child, how much you have to be thankful for, that your difficulty is not from

having failed in duty to your parent. For the future, fear not but that your duty will be made clear to you. I am sure this is all you desire."

"Shall we have any more such conversations as this when I come to live here? If we can"

"We shall see," replied the lady, smiling. "Father Gabriel says there may easily be too much talk, even about our duties; but occasions may arise."

"I hope so," said Euphrosyne, rising, as she perceived that the lady thought it was time for her to go. "I dare say Pierre is here."

Pierre had been waiting some time.

The abbess sat alone after Euphrosyne was gone, contemplating, not the lamp, though her eyes were fixed upon it, but the force of the filial principle in this lonely girl,—a force which had constrained her to open the aching wound in her own heart to a mere child. She sat, till called by the hour to prayer, pondering the question how it is that relations designed for duty and peace become the occasions of the bitterest sin and suffering. The mystery was in no degree cleared up when she was called to prayer,—which, however, has the blessed power of solving all painful mysteries for the hour.

CHAPTER IX.

PERPLEXITY SOLVED.

"WHAT is the matter, child? What makes you look so merry?" asked M. Revel, when his eyes opened upon Euphrosyne the next morning.

"Nothing has happened, grandpapa. The only thing is, that I like to do what you wish; and I always will, as long as you live. I will go to the convent to-day. You can send for me at any time when you want me, you know. I am sure the abbess will let me come whenever you send Pierre for me."

"Well, well,—do not be in such a hurry. I do not want you to go to-day. Why should you be in such a hurry?"

When the breeze had come to refresh him, and he had had his coffee, M. Revel felt more complacent, and explained what he meant by there being no hurry. Euphrosyne should not leave him

till to-morrow; and this day should be spent as she pleased. Whatever she liked to ask to-day should be granted. This indulgence was promised under a tolerable certainty that she would ask nothing unreasonable; that she would not propose a dinner-party of dark-complexioned guests, for instance. There might also be an expectation of what it would be that she would choose. M. Revel was conscious that he did not visit his estate of Le Bosquet, in the plain of Limbé, so often as Euphrosyne would have liked, or as he himself knew to be good for his agent, the cultivators, and his heiress. He was aware that if he could have shown any satisfaction in the present order of affairs, any good-will towards the working of the new system, there might have been a chance of old stories dying away—of old grievances being forgotten by the cultivators, in his present acquiescence in their freedom. He could not order the carriage, and say he was going to Le Bosquet; but he had just courage enough to set Euphrosyne free to ask to go. It turned out exactly as he expected.

"We will do what you will, my child, to-day. I feel strong enough to be your humble servant."

"It is a splendid day, grandpapa. It must be

charming at Le Bosquet. If I order the carriage now, we can get there before the heat: and we need not come home till the cool of the evening. We will fill the carriage with fruit and flowers for the abbess. May I order the carriage?"

Le Bosquet was only twelve miles off. They arrived when the cultivators were settling to their work after breakfast. It was now, as on every former occasion, a perplexity, an embarrassment to Euphrosyne, that the negroes lost all their gaiety, and most of their civility, in the presence of her grandfather. She could hardly wonder, when she witnessed this, at his intolerance of the very mention of the blacks, at his ridicule of all that she ever told him about them, from her own observation. When she was in any other company, she saw them merry, active, and lavish of their kindness and politeness; and whenever this occurred, she persuaded herself that she must have been mistaken the last time she and M. Revel were at Le Bosquet, and that they ought to go again soon. The next time they went, there was the same gloom, listlessness, and avoidance on the part of the negroes; the same care on her grandfather's that she should not stir a step without the escort of Pierre or the

agent. He would not even let her go with Portia, the dairy-woman, to gather eggs; nor with little Sully, to see his baby-brother. She made up her mind that this was all wrong,—that all parties would have been more amiable and happy, if there had been the same freedom and confidence that she saw on other estates. Poor girl! she little knew what was in all minds but her own,—what recollections of the lash and the stocks, and hunger and imprisonment on the one hand, and of the horrors of that August night on the other. She little knew how generally it was supposed that she owed it to the grandfather whom she loved so much that she was the solitary orphan whom every one pitied.

It was, as Euphrosyne had said, a splendid day; and all went well. M. Revel would not go out much: but as he sat in the shaded room, looking forth upon the lawn, the agent satisfied him with accounts of the prosperity of the estate, the fine promise of the cacao walks, and the health and regular conduct of the negroes. Euphrosyne showed herself from time to time, now in the midst of a crowd of children, now with a lap-full of eggs, and then with a basket of fruit. In honour of the master and young mistress, the dinner was very

superb, and far too long; so that the day had slipped away before Euphrosyne felt at all disposed to return. She was glad that the agent was engaged in a deep discussion with his employer when the carriage came round; so that she was able to make one more short circuit in the twilight while they were settling their point

The gentlemen were talking over the two late proclamations,—L'Ouverture's and Hédouville's. The agent wished that Hédouville had never come, rather than that he should have set afloat the elements of mischief contained in his proclamation. M. Revel could not believe that a Commissary, sent out for the very purpose of regulating such matters, could have got very far wrong upon them; and besides, the proclamation had never been issued. Never formally issued, the agent said; but it had been circulated from hand to hand of those who were interested in its provisions. Some were, at that moment, preparing to act upon it; and he feared that mischief might come of it yet. It was certain that L'Ouverture knew more about claims to deserted estates, and about the proper regulations as to tillage, than any novice from France could know; and it was no less certain that he was ever

more eager to gratify the whites than the blacks. It would have been by far the wisest plan to leave that class of affairs in the hands of the person who understood them best; and, if he was not much mistaken, the government at home would yet rue Hédouville's rashness in acting without so much as consulting L'Ouverture. M. Revel was so amazed at finding that L'Ouverture was not only worshipped by romantic young ladies and freed negroes, but approved and confided in by such practical and interested whites as his own agent, that he could only say again what he said every day,—that the world was turned upside down, and that he expected to be stripped, before he died, of Le Bosquet, and of everything else that he had; so that his poor child would be left dependent on the charity of France. To this the agent replied, as usual, that the property had never before been so secure, nor the estate so prosperous; and that all would go well, if only the government at home would employ competent people to write its proclamations.

"Where is this child?" cried M. Revel at last. "I am always kept waiting by everybody. It is dark already, and the carriage has been standing this hour. Where is she?"

"Mademoiselle is in the carriage," said Pierre from the hall. "I made Prince light the lamps, though he thinks we shall not want them."

"Come, come, let us lose no more time," said M. Revel, as if every one had not been waiting for him.

Euphrosyne jumped from the carriage, where she had been packing her basket of eggs, her fruit, and her flowers, so that they might be out of her grandfather's way. He could not admire any of them, and found them all in his way, while the road lay under the dark shadow of the groves on the estate. He cast anxious glances among the tall stems on which the carriage lamps cast a passing gleam. He muttered a surly good-night to the negroes who held open the gates; but, when the last of these swung to, when the carriage issued upon the high road, and the plain lay, though dim in the starlight, yet free and lovely to the eye, while the line of grey sea was visible to the left, the old man's spirits seemed to rise. It was seldom that he quitted the town: and when he did, and could throw off his cares, he was surprised to find how reviving were the influences of the country.

"It is a lovely night, really," said he. "If you

ever go to Paris, my dear, you will miss this star-light. There the stars seem to have shrunk away from you, a myriad of miles. Let those flowers be, child. Why may not I have the pleasure of smelling them? There! Let them lie. Who would believe that that sea, which looks so quiet now, will be rolling and dashing upon the beach in November, as if it meant to swallow up the plain? How it seems to sleep in the star-light! You found little Sully grown, my dear, I dare say."

"O yes, but more glad to see us than ever. He had to show me how he could read, and how he had been allowed to put a new leg to the master's desk at the school. Sully will make a good carpenter, I think. He is going to make a box for me: and he declares the ants shall never get through it, at the hinge, or lid, or anywhere. How the people are singing all about! I love to hear them. Prince drives so fast that we shall be home too soon. I shall be quite sorry to be in the streets again."

It seemed as if Prince had heard her, for, in another moment, he was certainly checking his horses, and their speed gradually relaxed.

"He must have driven us fast indeed," said M. Revel. "Look at the lights of the town,—how

near they are! Are those the lights of the town?

"I should have looked for them more to the left," Euphrosyne replied. "Let us ask Pierre. We cannot possibly have lost our way."

Pierre rode up to the carriage window, at the moment that Prince came to a full stop.

"We do not know," said Louis, the black footman, who was beside Prince,—"we do not know what those lights can mean. They seem to be moving, and towards this way."

"I think it is a body of people," said Pierre. "I fear so, sir."

"We had better go back," said Euphrosyne. "Let us go back to Le Bosquet."

"Forward! Forward!" cried M. Revel, like one frantic. "Why do you stand still, you rascal? I will drive myself, if you do not push on. Drive on,—drive like the devil,—like what you all are," he added in a lower tone.

"Surely we had better go back to Le Bosquet."

"No, no, you little fool," cried the agonized old man, grasping hold of her, and dragging her towards himself.

Louis shouted from the box, as Prince lashed

his horses onwards, "We shall be in the midst of them, sir, this way."

"Drive on," was still the command. "Drive through everything to get home!" As he clasped his arms round Euphrosyne, and pressed her so closely that she could scarcely breathe, heaping his cloak upon her head, she heard and felt him murmuring to himself,

"To Le Bosquet! No, indeed! anywhere but there! Once at home . . . She once safe . . . and then . . ."

Euphrosyne would have been glad to see a little of what appeared,—to know something of what to expect. Once or twice she struggled to raise her head; but this only made the convulsive clasp closer than before. All she knew was, that Pierre or the men on the box seemed to speak, from time to time; for the passionate "Drive on!" "Forward!" was repeated. She also fancied that they must at last be in the midst of a crowd: for the motion of the carriage seemed to be interrupted by a sort of hustling on either side. Her heart beat so tumultuously, however, and the sense of suffocation was so strong, that she was sure of nothing but that she felt as if dying. Once more she struggled for

air. At the same moment, her grandfather started, —almost bounded from his seat, and relaxed his hold of her. She thought she had heard fire-arms. She raised her head; but all was confusion. There was smoke,—there was the glare of torches,—there was a multitude of shining black faces, and her grandfather lying back, as if asleep, in the corner of the carriage.

"Drive on!" she heard Pierre cry. The whip cracked, the horses plunged and scrambled, and in another moment broke through the crowd. The yelling, the lights, the smoke, were left behind; the air blew in fresh; and there was only calm starlight without, as before.

The old man's hand fell when lifted. He did not move when she stroked his cheek. He did not answer when she spoke. She put her hand to his forehead, and it was wet.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she cried, "he is shot! he is dead!"

"I feared so, Mademoiselle. Drive on, Prince!"

In an inconceivably short time, they were at their own door. Pierre looked into the carriage, felt his master's wrist and heart, spoke softly to Prince, and

they drove on again,—only past the corner,—only to the gate of the convent.

When it was opened, Pierre appeared at the carriage-door. "Now, Mademoiselle," he said. He half pulled, half lifted her over the crushed fruit and flowers that were in her way,—glanced in her face, to see whether she had observed that the body fell behind her,—carried her in, and gave her, passive and stupified, into the arms of two nuns. Seeing the abbess standing behind, he took off his hat, and would have said something; but his lips quivered, and he could not.

"I will," said the lady's gentle voice, answering to his thought. "My young daughter shall be cherished here."

CHAPTER X

A LOVER'S LOVE.

This new violence had for its object the few whites who were rash and weak enough to insist on the terms of Hédouville's intended proclamation, instead of abiding by that of L'Ouverture. The cultivators on the estates of these whites left work, rather than be reduced to a condition of virtual slavery. Wandering from plantation to plantation, idle and discontented, they drew to themselves others who, from any cause, were also idle and discontented. They exasperated each other with tales, old and new, of the tyranny of the whites. Still, further mischief might have been prevented by due vigilance and firmness on the part of him in whose charge the town and district of Cap Français now lay. Stories, however, passed from mouth to mouth respecting General Moyse—anecdotes of the words he had dropped in dislike of the

whites—of the prophecies he had uttered of more violence before the old masters would be taught their new place,—rumours like these spread, till the gathering mob at length turned their faces towards the town, as if to try how far they might go. They went as far as the gates, having murdered some few of the obnoxious masters, either in their own houses, or, as in the case of M. Revel, where they happened to meet them.

On the Haut-du-Cap they encountered General Moyse, coming out against them with soldiery. At first he looked fierce; and the insurgents began to think each of getting away as he best might. But in a few moments, no one seemed to know how or why, the aspect of affairs changed. There was an air of irresolution about the Commander. It was plain that he was not really disposed to be severe—that he had no deadly intentions towards those he came to meet. His black troops caught his mood. Some of the inhabitants of the town, who were on the watch with glasses from the gates, from the churches, and from the roofs of houses, afterwards testified to there having been a shaking of hands, and other amicable gestures. They testified that the insurgents crowded round General Moyse,

and gave, at one time cheers, at another time groans, evidently on a signal from him. No prisoners were made—there was not a shot fired. The General and his soldiers returned into the town, and even into their quarters, protesting that no further mischief would happen: but the insurgents remained on the heights till daylight; and the inhabitants, feeling themselves wholly unprotected, sent off expresses to the Commander-in-chief, and watched, with arms loaded, till he, or one of his more trustworthy Generals, should arrive. These expresses were stopped and turned back, by order of General Moyse, who ridiculed the idea of further danger, and required the inhabitants to be satisfied with his assurances of protection. Fortunately, however, one or two messengers who had been sent off, a few hours before, on the first alarm, had reached their destination, while General Moyse was yet on the Haut-du-Cap.

The first relief to the anxious watchers was on seeing the heights gradually cleared at sunrise. The next was the news that L'Ouverture was entering the town, followed by the ringleaders from Limbé, whom he was bringing in as prisoners. He had proceeded directly to the scene of insurrection,

where the leaders of the mob were delivered up to him at his first bidding. It now remained to be seen what he would do with those within the town, high or low in office, who were regarded by the inhabitants as accessories.

This kind of speculation was not abated by the sight of L'Ouverture, as he passed through the streets. Grave as his countenance usually was, and at times melancholy, never had it been seen so mournful as to-day. Years seemed to have sunk down upon him since he was last seen,—so lately, that the youngest prattler in Cap had not ceased to talk of the day. As he walked his horse through the streets, many citizens approached, some humbly to ask, others eagerly to offer information. With all these last he made appointments, and rode on. His way lay past M. Revel's door; and it happened to be at the very time that the funeral (an affair of hurry in that climate) was about to take place. At the sight, L'Ouverture stopped, opposite the door. When the coffin was brought out, he took off his hat, and remained uncovered till it moved on, when he turned his horse, and followed the train to the corner of the street. There were many present who saw his face, and by whom its expression of

deep sorrow was never afterwards forgotten. When he again turned in the direction of Government-House, he proceeded at a rapid pace, as if his purposes had been quickened by the sight.

His aides, who had been dispersed on different errands, entered the town by its various avenues; and some of them joined him in the Jesuits' Walk. At the gate of Government-House he was received by General Moyse, who had been almost the last person in Cap to hear of his arrival. L'Ouverture acknowledged his military greeting; and then, turning to his aides, said in a calm tone, which yet was heard half way down the Walk, and thence propagated through the town, as if by echoes,

"General Moyse is under arrest."

As Moyse was moving off towards the apartment in which he was to be guarded, he requested an interview with the Commander-in-chief.

"After your business with the court-martial is concluded," was the reply. "On no account before."

General Moyse bowed, and proceeded to his apartment.

For some hours after, there was every indication of the rapid transaction of business in Government-House. Messengers were sent to Fort Dauphin, to

the commanding officer at Limbé, and to every military station within thirty miles. Orders were issued for the garrison of Cap to be kept close within their quarters. Not a man was to be allowed, on any pretence whatever, to pass the barrack-gates, which were well guarded by the Commander-in-chief's own guards, till troops for the service of the town could arrive from Fort Dauphin. As L'Ouverture was closeted with his secretary, message after message was reported; letter upon letter was delivered by his usher. Among these messages came, at length, one which made him start.

"Mademoiselle L'Ouverture begs to be permitted to see General Moyse."

Before he could reply, a note by another messenger was put into his hands.

"I implore you to let me see Moyse. I do not ask to see you. I do not wish it. I will disturb no one. Only give me an order to see Moyse,—for his sake, and that of your unhappy,

"GENIFREDE."

Toussaint left the room, and was but too well directed by the countenances of his servants to the room where Génifrède was lying, with her face hidden, upon a sofa. Denis was standing, silent,

at a window which overlooked the Walk. Both were covered with dust from their journey.

Génifrède looked up, on hearing some one enter. When she saw that it was her father, she again buried her face in the cushions, saying only,

"O, why did you come?"

"Nay, my child, why did you come? How—why—"

"I always know," said she, "when misery is near: and where misery is, there am I.—Do not be angry with Denis, father. I made him come."

"I am angry with no one, Génifrède. I am too much grieved to be angry. I am come to take you to Moyse. I cannot see him myself, at present: but I will take you to the door of the salon where he is."

"The salon!" said Génifrède, as if relieved. She had probably imagined him chained in a cell. This one word appeared to alter the course of her ideas. She glanced at her travel-soiled dress, and hesitated. Her father said,

"I will send a servant to you. Refresh yourself; and in half-an-hour I will come again."

When he rejoined her, she was still haggard and agitated, but appeared far less wretched than before.

"Génifrède!" cried Moyse, as she entered, and leaned against the wall, unable to go further. "Génifrède! And was not that your father who admitted you? O, call him, Génifrède! Call him back! I must see him. If you ask him, he will come. Call him back, Génifrède!"

"If you are engaged, Moyse," said she, in a sickening voice, "if I am in your way, I will go."

"No, no, my love. But I must see your father. Everything may depend upon it."

"I will go,—as soon as I can," said the poor girl, beginning to sink to the floor.

"You shall not go, my love,—my Génifrède," cried Moyse, supporting her to a sofa. "I did not know,—I little thought . . . Are you all here?"

"No.—I came to see you, Moyse. I told you how it would be if we parted."

"And how will it be, love?"

"O, how can you make me say it? How can you make me think it?"

"Why, Génifrède, you cannot suppose anything very serious will happen. What frightens you so? Once more, I ask you the old question that we must both be weary of—what frightens you so?"

"What frightens me!" she repeated, with a

bewildered look in his face. "Were we not to have been married as soon as you were relieved from your command here? And are you not a prisoner, waiting for trial,—and that trial for—for —for your life?"

"Never believe so, Génifrède! Have they not told you that the poor blacks behaved perfectly well, from the moment they met me? They did not do a single act of violence after I went to them. Not a hand was raised when they had once seen me; and after I had put them into good-humour, they all went to their homes."

"O, is it so? Is it really so? But you said just now, that everything depended on your seeing my father."

"To a soldier his honour, his professional standing, are everything"

Seeing a painful expression in Génifrède's face, he explained that even his private happiness,—the prosperity of his love, depended on his professional honour and standing. She must be as well aware as himself that he was now wholly at her father's mercy, as regarded all his prospects in life; and that this would justify any eagerness to see him.

"At his mercy," repeated Génifrède; "and he is merciful. He does acts of mercy every day."

"True,—true. You see now you were too much alarmed."

"But, Moyse, how came you to need his mercy? But two days ago how proud he was of you! and now Oh! Moyse, when you knew what depended on these few days, how could you fail?"

"How was it that he put me into an office that I was not fit for? He should have seen"

"Then let us leave him, and all these affairs which make us so miserable. Let us go to your father. He will let us live at St. Domingo in peace."

Moyse shook his head, saying that there were more whites at St. Domingo than in any other part of the island; and the plain truth was, he could not live where there were whites.

"How was it then that you pleased my father so much when Hédouville went away? He whispered to me, in the piazza at Pongaudin, that, next to himself, you saved the town,—that many whites owed their lives and their fortunes to you."

"I repent," cried Moyse, bitterly, "I repent of my deeds of that day. I repent that any white

ever owed me gratitude. I thank God! I have shaken them off, like the dust from my feet. Thank God! the whites are all cursing me now!"

"What do you mean? How was it all?" cried Génifrède, fearfully.

"When Hédouville went away, my first desire was to distinguish myself, that I might gain you, as your father promised. This prospect, so near and so bright, dazzled me so that I could not see black faces from white. For the hour, one passion put the other out."

"And when how soon did you begin to forget me?" asked Génifrède, sorrowfully.

"I have never forgotten you, love,—not for an hour, in the church among the priests,—in the square among the soldiers, any more than here as a prisoner. But I thought my point was gained when your father stooped from his horse, as he rode away, and told me there would be joy at home on hearing of my charge. I doubted no more that all was safe. Then I heard of the insufferable insolence of some of the whites, out at Limbé,—acting as if Hédouville was still here to countenance them. I saw exultation on account of this in all the white faces I met in Cap. The poor old wretch Revel,

when my officers and I met his carriage, stared at me through his spectacles, and laughed in my face as if"

" Was his grandchild with him? She was?— Then he was laughing at some of her prattle. Nothing else made him even smile."

" It looked as if he was ridiculing me and my function. I was growing more angry every hour, when tidings came of the rising out at Limbé. I knew it was forced on by the whites. I knew the mischief was begun by Hédouville, and kept up by his countrymen; and was it to be expected that I should draw the sword for them against our own people? Could I have done so, Génifrède?"

" Would not my father have restored peace without drawing the sword at all?"

" That was what I did. I went out to meet the insurgents; and the moment they saw that the whites were not to have their own way, they returned to quietness, and to their homes. Not another blow was struck."

" And the murderers,—what did you do with them?"

Moyse was silent for a moment, and then replied:—

"Those may deal with them who desire to live side-by-side with whites. As for me, I quarrel with none who avenge our centuries of wrong."

"Would to God my father had known that this was in your heart! You would not then have been a wretched prisoner here. Moyse, the moment you are free, let us fly to the mornes. I told you how it would be, if we parted. You will do as I wish henceforward: you will take me to the mornes."

"My love, where and how should we live there? In a cave of the rocks, or roosting in trees?"

"People do live there,—not now, perhaps, under my father's government: but in the old days, runaways did live there."

"So you would institute a new race of banditti, under your father's reign! How well it will sound in the First Consul's council-chamber, that the eldest daughter of the ambitious Commander-in-chief is the first bandit's wife in the mornes!"

"Let them say what they will: we must have peace, Moyse. We have been wretched too long. Oh, if we could once be up there, hidden among the rocks, or sitting among the ferns in the highest of those valleys, with the very clouds between us and this weary world below,—never to see a white

face more! Then, at last, we could be at peace. Everywhere else we are beset with this enemy. They are in the streets, in the churches, on the plain. We meet them in the shade of the woods, and have to pass them basking on the sea-shore. There is no peace but high up in the mornes,—too high for the wild beast, and the reptile, and the white man."

"The white man mounts as high as the eagle's nest, Génifrède. You will not be safe, even there, from the traveller or the philosopher, climbing to measure the mountain, or observe the stars.—But while we are talking of the free and breezy heights . . ."

"You are a prisoner," said Génifrède, mournfully. "But soon, very soon, we can go. Why do you look so? You said there was no fear . . . that nothing serious could happen . . . nothing more than disgrace; and for each other's sake, we can defy disgrace. Can we not, Moyse? Why do not you speak?"

"Disgrace, or death, or anything. Even death, Génifrède. Yes,—I said what was not true. They will not let me out but to my death. Do not shudder so, my love: they shall not part us. They

shall not rob me of everything. You did well to come, love. If they had detained you, and I had had to die with such a last thought as that you remained to be comforted, sooner or later, by another,—to be made to forget me by a more prosperous lover,—O God! I should have been mad!"

"You are mad, Moyse," cried Génifrède, shrinking from him in terror. "I do not believe a word you say. I love another!—they kill you! It is all false! I will not hear another word;—I will go."

To go was, however, beyond her power. As she sank down again, trembling, Moyse said, in the imperious tone which she both loved and feared:—

"I am speaking the truth now. I shall be tried to-night before a Court-martial, which will embody your father's opinion and will. They will find me a traitor, and doom me to death upon the Place. I must die,—but not on the Place,—and you shall die with me. In one moment, we shall be beyond their power. You hear me, Génifrède? I know you hear me, though you do not speak. I can direct you to one, near at hand, who prepares the red water, and knows me well. I will give you an order for red water enough for us both. You

will come,—your father will not refuse our joint request,—you will come to me as soon as the trial is over; and then, love, we will never be parted more."

Génifrède sat long with her face hidden on her lover's shoulder, speechless. After repeated entreaties that she would say one word, Moyse raised her up, and, looking in her face, said authoritatively,

"You will do as I say, Génifrède?"

"Moyse, I dare not. No, no, I dare not! If, when we are dead, you should be dead to me too! And how do we know? If, the very next moment, I should see only your dead body with my own,—if you should be snatched away somewhere, and I should be alone in some wide place,—if I should be doomed to wander in some dreadful region, calling upon you for ever, and no answer! Oh! Moyse, we do not know what fearful things are beyond. I dare not;—no, no, I dare not! Do not be angry with me, Moyse!"

"I thought you had been ready to live and die with me."

"And so I am,—ready to live anywhere, anyhow,—ready to die, if only we could be sure . . .

Oh! if you could only tell me there is nothing beyond . . ."

"I have little doubt," said Moyse, "that death is really what it is to our eyes,—an end of everything."

"Do you think so? If you could only assure me of that . . . But, if you were really quite certain of that, would you wish me to die too?"

"Wish it! You must,—you shall,"—cried he, passionately. "You are mine,—mine for ever; and I will not let you go. Do not you see,—do not you feel," he said, moderating his tone, "that you will die a slow death of anguish, pining away, from the moment that cursed firing in the Place strikes upon your ear? You cannot live without love,—you know you cannot;—and you shall not live by any other love than mine. This little sign," said he, producing a small carved ivory ring from his pocket-book, "this little sign will save you from the anguish of a thousand sleepless nights, from the wretchedness of a thousand days of despair. Take it. If shown at No. 9, in the Rue Espagnole, in my name, you will receive what will suffice for us both. Take it, Génifrède."

She took the ring, but it presently dropped from her powerless hands.

"You do not care for me," said Moyse, bitterly. "You are like all women. You love in fair weather, and would have us give up everything for you; and when the hurricane comes, you will fly to shelter, and shut out your lover into the storm."

Génifrède was too wretched to remind her lover what was the character of his love. It did not, indeed, occur to her. She spoke, however:

"If you had remembered, Moyse, what a coward I am, you would have done differently, and not have made me so wretched as I now am. Why did you not bid me bring the red water, without saying what it was, and what for? If you had put it to my lips—if you had not given me a moment to fancy what is to come afterwards, I would have drunk it—O! so thankfully! But now—I dare not."

"You are not afraid to live without me."

"Yes, I am. I am afraid of living, of dying—of everything."

"You once asked me about . . ."

"I remember—about your spirit coming."

"Suppose it should come, angry at your failing me in my last desire."

"Why did you not kill me? You know I should have been thankful. I wish the roof would fall, and bury us now."

She started, and shrieked when she heard some one at the door. It was her father's servant, who told her that Madame Dessalines had arrived, and that L'Ouverture wished her to come and receive her friend. The servant held the door open, so that there was opportunity only for another word.

"Remember," said Moyse, "they are not to seduce or force you back to Pongaudin to-day. Remember, you are not fit to travel.—Remember," he again said, holding up the ivory ring, and then thrusting it into her bosom, "you come to me as soon as the trial is over. I depend upon you."

He led her, passive and silent, to the door, where he kissed her hand, saying, for the ear of any one who might be without, "For once, I cannot accompany you further. Tell Madame Dessalines that I hope to pay my respects to her soon." He added, to the servant,

"See that Julien is at Mademoiselle L'Ouverture's orders, till I need his services myself."

The man bowed, pleased, as most persons are, to have a commission to discharge for a prisoner. Before he had closed the door, Génifrède was in the arms of Thérèse.

CHAPTER XI.

PANGS OF OFFICE.

That night, Madame Dessalines was alone in a dimly lighted apartment of Government House,—dimly lighted except by the moon, shining in full at the range of windows which overlooked the gardens, so as to make the one lamp upon the table appear like a yellow taper. For most of the long hours that she had sat there, Thérèse had been alone. Denis had entered, before his departure homewards, to ask what tidings he was to carry to Pongaudin from her. Father Laxabon had twice appeared, to know if he could not yet see Génifrède, to offer her consolation; and had withdrawn, when he found that Génifrède was not yet awake. Madame Dessalines' maid had put her head in so often as to give her mistress the idea that she was afraid to remain anywhere else; though it did not quite suit her to be where she must speak as little as pos-

sible ; and that little only in whispers. So Thérèse had been, for the most part, alone since sunset. Her work was on the table, and she occasionally took up her needle for a few minutes ; but it was laid down at the slightest noise without ; and again and again she rose, either to listen at the chamber-door which opened into the apartment, or softly to pace the floor, or to step out upon the balcony, to refresh herself with looking down upon the calm lights and still shadows of the gardens.

In the centre of one division of these gardens was a fountain, whose waters, after springing in the air, fell into a wide and deep reservoir, from whence were supplied the trenches which kept the alleys green and fresh in all but the very hottest weeks of the year. Four straight walks met at this fountain,—walks hedged in with fences of citron, geraniums, and lilac jessamine. These walks were now deserted. Every one in the house and in the town was occupied with something far different from moonlight strolls, for pleasure or for meditation. The chequered lights and shadows lay undisturbed by the foot of any intruder. The waters gleamed as they rose, and sparkled as they fell ; and no human voice, in discourse or in laughter,

mingled with the murmur and the splash. Here Thérèse permitted herself the indulgence of the tears which she had made an effort to conceal within.

"These young creatures!" thought she. "What a lot! They are to be parted,—wrenched asunder by death,—by the same cause, for indulgence of the same passion, which brought Jacques and me together. If the same priest were to receive their confession and ours, how would he reconcile the ways of God to them and to us? The thought of my child burns at my heart, and its last struggle . . . my bosom is quivering with it still. For this Jacques took me to his heart, and I have ever since had,—alas! not forgetfulness of my child,—but a home, and the good fame that a woman cannot live without, and the love of a brave and tender heart,—tender to me, however hard to those we hate. Jacques lives in honour, and in a station of command, though he hates the whites with a passion which would startle Moyse himself,—hates them so that he does not even strive, as I do, to remember that they are human,—to be ready to give them the cup of cold water when they thirst, and the word of sympathy when they grieve. He

would rather dash the cup from their parched lips, and laugh at their woes. Yet Jacques lives in peace and honour at his palace at St. Marc, or is, in war, at the head of troops that would die for him: while this poor young man, a mere novice in the passion,—is too likely to be cast out, as unworthy to live among us;—among us who, God knows, are, in this regard, more guilty than he! The time may come, when Génifrède's first passion is over, when I may tell her this. Hark! that trumpet! The court-martial has broken up. O! I wish I could silence that trumpet! It will waken her. It is further off . . . and further. God grant she may not have heard it!"

She stepped in, and to the chamber-door, and listened. There was no stir, and she said to herself that her medicine had wrought well. From the window, which opened on one of the court-yards, she heard the shuffling of feet, and the passing by of many persons. She dared not look out; but she felt certain that the trial was over, that the officers were proceeding to their quarters, and the prisoner to his solitude. Her heart beat so that she was glad to return to her seat, and cover her eyes from the light. She was startled by the

opening of the door from the corridor. It was L'Ouverture: and she rose, as every one habitually did, at his approach.

"Génifrède?" he said, anxiously, as he approached.

Thérèse pointed to the chamber, saying softly,—

"She is there. I do not know what you will think of the means I have taken to procure her sleep. But she was so shaken,—she so dreaded this night!"

"You have given her medicine. Is she asleep?"

"I gave her henbane, and she is asleep."

"Is there a chance of her sleeping till noon?"

"If she be not disturbed. I have carefully darkened the room. What has been done?" she inquired, looking in his face. Struck with its expression, she exclaimed, "How you have suffered!"

"Yes. Life is bitter to those whom God has chosen. If Moyse did but know it, I almost envy him his rest."

"Is it over, then? Is he dead?"

"He dies at sunrise. You think Génifrède may sleep till noon?"

Thérèse could not reply, and he proceeded,—

"He is found guilty, and sentenced. There was no escape. His guilt is clear as noonday."

"No escape from the sentence," said Thérèse, eagerly. "But there is room for mercy yet. You hold the power of life and death over all the colony; —a power like that of God, and put into your hand by Him."

"A power put into my hand by Him, and therefore to be justly used. Moyse's crime is great: and mercy to him would be a crime in me. I have fault enough already to answer for in this business; and I dare not sin yet further."

"You yourself have sinned?" said Thérèse, with a gleam of hope in her countenance and tone.

"Yes. I ought to have discerned the weakness of this young man. I ought to have detected the passions that were working in him. I was misled by one great and prolonged effort of self-control in him. I appointed an unworthy officer to the care of the lives and safety of the whites. Many of them are gone to lay their deaths to my charge in heaven. All I can now do is, by one more death, (would to God it were my own!) to save and to reassure those who are left. It is my retribution that Moyse must die. As for Paul, as for Géni-

frède,—the sin of the brother is visited upon the brother,—the sin of the father upon the child."

"But," said Thérèse, "you speak as if you had caused the innocent to be destroyed. Some few harmless ones may have died; but the greater number,—those who were sought by the sword's point,—were factious tyrants,—enemies of your government, and of your race,—men who rashly brought their deaths upon themselves. They were passionate,—they were stubborn,—they were cruel."

"True,—and therefore were they peculiarly under my charge. I have guaranteed the safety of the whites; and none need my protection so much as those who do not, by justice, obedience, and gentleness, by gaining the good-will of their neighbours, protect themselves."

"But Moyse did not murder any. He was not even present at any death."

"It has just been proved that, while he knew that slaughter was going on, he took no measures to stop it. The ground of his guilt is plain and clear. The law of the Revolution of St. Domingo, as conducted by me, is NO RETALIATION. Every breach of this law by an officer of mine is treason; and every traitor to the whites must die."

"Alas! why so harsh now,—only now? You have spared the guilty before, by tens, by hundreds. Why now cause all this misery for this one young life?"

"Those whom I have spared were my personal foes; and I spared them not so much for the sake of their separate lives, as for the sake of the great principles for which I live and govern,—reconciliation and peace. For this end I pardoned them. For this end I condemn Moyse."

"You make one tremble," said Thérèse, shuddering, "for one's very self. What if I were to tell you that it is not Moyse and Génifrède alone that . . ." She stopped.

"That hate the whites? I know it," replied Toussaint. "I know that if God were to smite al among us who hate his children of another race, there would be mourning in some of the brightest dwellings of our land. I thank God that no commission to smite such is given to me."

Thérèse was silent.

"My office is," said Toussaint, "to honour those (and they are to be found in cottages all through the island) who forgive their former oppressors, and forget their own wrongs. Here, as

elsewhere, we may take our highest lesson from the lowliest men. My office is to honour such. As for the powerful, and those who think themselves wise,—their secret feelings towards all men are between themselves and God."

"But if I could prove to you, at this moment, that Moyse's enmity towards the whites is mild and harmless,—his passions moderation, compared with the tempest in the breasts of some whom you employ and cherish,—would not this soften you,—would it not hold your hand from inflicting that which no priest can deny is injustice in God?"

"I leave it to no priest, Thérèse, but to God himself, to vindicate his own justice, by working as he will in the secret hearts, or before the eyes of men. He may have, for those who hate their enemies, punishments too great for me, or any ruler, to wield; punishments, to which the prison and the bullet are nothing. You speak of the tempest within the breast: I know at this moment, if you do not, that years of imprisonment, or a hundred death-strokes, are mercy compared to it. But no more of this! I only say, Thérèse, that while Jacques . . ."

"Say me, too!"

" While Jacques and you secretly hate, I have no concern with it, except in my secret heart. But if that hatred, be it more or less than that of this young man, should interfere with my duty to friend or foe, you see, from his fate, that I have no mercy to grant. Jacques is my friend: Moyse was to have been my son."

Neither could immediately speak. At length, Toussaint signed once more to the chamber-door, and once more said:—

" Génifrède?"

" I have something to tell you,—something to show you," replied Thérèse. " Her sleep or stupor came upon her suddenly: but she kept a strong grasp upon the bosom of her dress. When I laid her on the bed, she kept her hands clasped, one upon the other, there. As she slept more heavily, the fingers relaxed; her hands fell, and I saw one end of this."

She produced a phial.

" Ha! the red water!" exclaimed Toussaint.

" I thought it was," said Thérèse.

" Who taught her this? Who has been tampering with her, and with her life?"

"Perhaps this may tell," said Thérèse, showing the ivory ring.

Toussaint closely examined the ring, and then drew his hand across his brows.

"How strange," said he, "are old thoughts, long forgotten! This bit of ivory makes me again a young man and a slave. Do you remember that I once had the care of the sick at Breda, and administered medicines?"

Thérèse shuddered. She remembered that when her infant was taken ill, Papalier had sent for Toussaint, because, though Toussaint was no longer surgeon to the quarter at Breda, he was thought to have great knowledge and skill. Toussaint remembered nothing of this particular incident, and was not aware how he had touched her feelings. He went on:

"I began that study as all of my race have begun it, till of late,—in superstition. With what awe did I handle charms like this! Can it be possible that my poor child has been wrought upon by such jugglery? What do you know about it?"

"No more than that the charm and the poison were hidden in her bosom."

"It is hard to trouble a dying man," said Tous-

saint: "but the survivor must be cared for. If Moyse has poisoned her mind, as I much fear he would have poisoned her body . . . But no,—it is an atrocious thought. If I wrong him,—if his love for her is faithful, he will be glad to tell me what he knows, that her sick mind may be well tended. Father Laxabon is coming presently, to go to Moyse, and leave him no more. I will go with him."

"How you suffer! How you must suffer!" said Thérèse, again speaking her thoughts, as she looked in his face.

"It is worse than going to my death," replied he: "but for my child's sake,—for my poor brother's sake, too, it must be done."

He could say no more. Till Father Laxabon came, he paced the room,—he listened at the chamber-door,—he went out upon the balcony, to hide, as Thérèse well understood, his tears of agony. He again entered, listened again at the chamber-door, and, hastily approaching the table, took up the phial, saying,

"Are you certain that this is all? Are you certain that she only sleeps, and is not dying,—or dead?"

"Indeed, I am not certain," exclaimed Thérèse, starting up, and softly entering the chamber. Toussaint followed with the lamp, shading it carefully with his hand.

"Here is no pain," whispered Thérèse. "She breathes quietly. There is no pain. Satisfy yourself."

She took the light from his hand, and saw him stoop above his sleeping child, extending his hands over her, as if in the act of prayer or blessing.

"No pain, thank God!" he repeated, as they returned to the salon, where they found Father Laxabon.

"Are you prepared, father, to deal with a spirit as perturbed as that of the dead who cannot rest?"

"Christ will strengthen me for my office, my son."

"And the other sufferers?"

"My brethren are engaged with them. Every man of the black troops will be shriven this night."

"Are there more doomed?" asked Thérèse, faintly.

"There are. There are many guilty; and of some I must make an example. They know that they are guilty; but they know not yet which and

how many are to be spared. The discipline of this night will, I trust, impress upon them that principle of our revolution which they have hitherto failed to learn, or have been tempted to forget. This night, father, will establish your precept and mine, and that of our Master—NO RETALIATION. If not, may God direct us, by whatever suffering, to some other method of teaching it; for, at whatever cost, it must be learned!—Let us begone."

"One moment," exclaimed Thérèse, in agitation. "You have not told me when—where . . ."

"He dies on the Place, at sunrise—a military, not an ignominious death. Father Laxabon and I shall both be near at hand when Génifrède wakes. Your task shall be shared, though we must leave you now."

Moyse had been permitted to remain in the same apartment which had been assigned to him after his arrest. When he heard the key turn in the lock, he sprang from his seat to the door, exclaiming,

"You have come at last! O! Génifrède! to have kept me waiting this last night . . ."

He turned, and walked back to his seat, when he saw his uncle and the priest.

"You expected Génifrède?" asked Toussaint.

" I did—naturally."

" She is asleep, and she must not be awakened. You would be the last to wish it, Moyse."

" Must not be awakened," repeated Moyse to himself, with something of doubt in his tone—something of triumph in his countenance.

" Perhaps you think," said Toussaint, fixing his eyes on the young man's face, " that she cannot be awakened. Perhaps you think that she may have drunk the red water?"

" She has told, then. A curse upon woman's cowardice, and woman's treachery! Who would not have sworn that if ever a woman loved, Génifrède loved me; and now, when put to the test..."

" Now, when put to the test," interrupted Toussaint, " my poor child was prepared to die with you, though you had perplexed her mind with superstition—terrified her with spells and charms..."

" You do not know her, uncle. She herself told me that she dared not die with me, though it was the only . . .

" And you wished it—you required it! You have striven to destroy her, body and soul, because you yourself were lost;—and now you curse a woman's cowardice and treachery! I leave you with

Father Laxabon. Hasten to confess and cleanse your soul, Moyse; for never soul needed it more. I leave you my pity and my forgiveness: and I engage for Génifrède's."

"Stop!" cried Moyse, "I have something to ask. Who has dared to keep Génifrède from me? She is mine."

"Think of her no more, except to implore Heaven's pardon for your intent towards her." And Toussaint produced the ivory ring and phial.

"Yes," exclaimed Moyse; "with that ring, we obtained that water, which we were to have drunk together."

"Here then, I break the bond by which she was yours." And Toussaint crushed the ring to dust with the heel of his boot, and dashed the phial against the ceiling, from whence the poisonous water sprinkled the floor.

"You spoke of treachery, just now," said Moyse. "How do you propose to answer to my father for the charge he left you in me?"

"Be silent, my poor son," said father Laxabon. "Do not spend your remaining moments in aggravating your crimes."

"A few minutes' patience, father. I never before

ventured to speak freely to my uncle. Not on account of any severity of his:—he never was severe to me:—but on account of a certain awe I felt of him,—an awe which the events of this day have had a wonderful power to dispel."

"It is well," said Toussaint. "There should be no awe of the creature when but a moment's darkness separates one from the Creator. Speak freely and fearlessly, Moyse."

"I ask," said Moyse, in a somewhat softened tone, "how you will answer to my father for the charge he left you in me."

"Not by revealing to him the vices of the spirit he gave me to guide. If your father's heart must be broken for you, it shall be for having thus lost a noble and gallant son, and not for . . . But it is no time for reproach from me. Let me go now, my poor boy."

"Not yet, uncle. It is far from sunrise yet. How do you mean to report of me to Génifrède? Will you make her detest me? Will you work upon her fears,—her fears of my ghost,—to make her seek refuge with another? Will you trample on the memory of the dead, to drive her into the arms of some living lover, that you may no longer

be reminded of the poor wretch that you first fostered, and then murdered?"

"Leave us!" said Laxabon to Toussaint. "He is desperate. Leave him to me, that he may not plunge deeper into sin with every word he speaks."

"Presently, father. Moyse, what Génifrède hears of you will be according to what father Laxabon has to report of your last hours. Be assured that I shall not interpose between you and her. It rests with yourself to justify her love, and engage her affections to your memory. She has been laid to sleep this night, not out of enmity to you, but to save her brain. As Providence has decreed, it has also saved her life. When she awakes, she will regard you as a martyr to a professional necessity. A woman's love is sanctified and made immortal, when baptized in the blood of martyrdom. Hers may be so, if your last moments are full of holy contrition, and purged from passion. Of father Laxabon, and not of me, will Génifrède inquire concerning you."

"This is kind,—this is generous," said Moyse, looking wistfully in his uncle's face.

"And now," said Toussaint, "I have to ask you to be generous to me. I need and implore your

pardon, Moyse. While you were yet weak and wayward, I neglected the necessary watch over you. Too prone to ease and satisfaction, for my child's sake and my own, I too soon concluded you a man, and imposed upon you the duties of a man. Your failure is my condemnation. I have cut short your discipline, and enabled you to throw away your life. All this, and much more, am I answerable for. Whether or not God may have mercy, can you yield me your pardon? I implore it, Moyse."

Moyse gazed at him in astonishment, and then cast himself at his uncle's feet, clinging to his knees, and crying,

"Save me! uncle, save me! You can,—you will . . ."

"No, Moyse, I will not,—I cannot," declared Toussaint, in a voice which silenced even that most piercing of all sounds,—the cry for life.

"Not one word . . ." continued L'Ouverture. "Keep your entreaties for Him who alone can help you. Kneel to Him alone. Rise, Moyse, and only say, if you can say it, that your last prayer for me shall be for pardon."

The awe of man was not destroyed in Moyse. He looked humbly upon the ground, as he again stood before his uncle, and said,

"My destruction is my own work; and I have felt this throughout. But if you have ever done me wrong, may it be forgotten before God, as it is by me! I know of no such wrong."

"Thank God!" cried Toussaint, pressing him to his breast. "This is the temper which will win mercy."

"Leave us now," said Father Laxabon, once more: and this time he was obeyed.

CHAPTER XII.

ALL EAR.

THERESE was struck with awe as she stood, from time to time, beside the bed on which lay Génifrède. The room was so darkened that nothing was to be seen; but there she lay, breathing calmly, motionless, unconscious, while the blessings and hopes of her young life were falling fast into ruins around her. It seemed treacherous, cruel, thus to beguile her of that tremendous night;—to let these last hours of the only life she prized pass away unused;—to deprive her of the last glances of those eyes which were presently to be dim in death,—of the latest tones of that voice which soon would never speak more. It seemed an irreparable injury to rob her of these hours of intense life, and to substitute for them a blank and barren sleep. But it was done. It was done to save her intellects; it had probably saved her life; and she could not now be wakened to any purpose. With sickening heart, Thérèse

saw the moonlight disturbed by grey light from the east. In a few minutes, the sun would leap up from the sea, to quench not only the gleams of moon and star, but the more sacred lamp of human life. Brief as was always the twilight there, never had the gushing in of light appeared so hasty, so peremptory as now. By the rousing up of the birds, by the stir of the breezes, by the quick unfolding of the flowers, it seemed as if Nature herself had turned against her wretched children, and was impatient till their doom was fulfilled. Thérèse resolved to return no more to the chamber till all should be over, lest light and sound should enter with her, and the sufferer be roused too soon.

As the yellow rays shone in fuller and fuller, the watcher's nerves were so stretched, that though she wrapped her head in her shawl as she sat, she felt as if the rustle of every leaf, the buzz of every insect wing in the gardens reached her ear. She heard at intervals the tap of a distant drum, and, she was certain, a discharge of fire-arms,—not in a volley from the Place d'Armes, as she had expected; but further off, and mere dropping shot. This occurred so often, that she was satisfied it was not

the execution; and, while she drew a deep breath, hardly knew whether to feel relieved or not. The door from the corridor presently opened and closed again, before she could throw back the shawl from her face. She flew to the door, to see if any one was there who could give her news. M. Pascal was walking away toward the further end. When she issued forth, he turned and apologised for having interrupted her, believing that the salon would be unoccupied at this early hour.

"Tell me,—only tell me," said she, "whether it is over."

"Not the principal execution . . . it is about going forward now.—I came away I saw what melted my soul; and I could endure no more."

"You saw L'Ouverture?" said Madame Dessalines, anxiously.

M. Pascal went back with her into the salon, as glad to relieve his mind as she was eager to hear.

"I saw," said he, "what I never could have conceived of, and would never have believed upon report. I have seen man as a god among his fellow-men."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up Madame Dessalines' face, through its agony.

"It was too touching, too mournful to be endured," resumed M. Pascal. "The countenances of those poor creatures will haunt me to my dying hour. Never was man idolized like L'Ouverture. For him, men go willingly to their deaths,—not in the excitement of a common danger; not for glory or for a bright future,—but solitary, in ignominy, in the light of a calm sunrise, with the eyes of a condemning multitude upon them. Without protest, without supplication,—as it appears, without objection,—they stoop to death at his word."

"I do not know,—I do not understand what has been done," said Thérèse. "But does not every black know that L'Ouverture has no private interests,—nothing at heart but the good of us all?"

"That is the spell," replied Pascal. "This sacrifice of his nephew will confirm it with my countrymen, as well as with yours, for ever. These thirteen others,—for he has sacrificed thirteen of the soldiers, for dereliction of duty in the late rising,—these thirteen are from the garrison of Cap chiefly, though it is said two or three are from Limbé. All the soldiery from these two places, and from Fort Dauphin, are upon the Place. L'Ouverture stood in the midst, and addressed them. He told

them that it was needless to explain to them what they had been learning from his whole course of conduct, since he was chosen by the blacks to lead and govern them. It was needless to insist on the protection due to every inhabitant of the colony, and especially the whites; and on the primary duty of a liberated race,—that of keeping the peace. They knew their duty as well as he did; and those who had violated it should suffer the long declared and inevitable punishment of death. All knew that everything was prepared, on the rampart, near at hand. L'Ouverture walked slowly along each line of the soldiery; and I declare to you, Madame, that, though all knew that he was selecting victims for instant death, there was passionate love in every face."

"I believe it," said Thérèse. "And he?"

"He was calm; but a face of deeper sorrow never did I see. He is ten years older since last night. He spoke aloud the names of the most guilty, according to their own previous account of themselves to him, and the committee of investigation."

"And no one of the thirteen resisted?"

"Not one. One by one, they joined their hands,

bowed their heads humbly before him, and repaired where he pointed,—to be shot. There was a spell upon me. I could not come away, though feeling at every moment as if I could endure no more. I did not, however, stay to see General Moyse brought out . . ."

As he was speaking, there was heard the heavy roll of drums at a distance, followed by a volley of musketry.

"That is it," cried M. Pascal; and he was gone. Thérèse sank back upon a sofa, and again drew her shawl over her head. She desired, in the sickness of her heart, never to see the daylight more.

She knew not how long it was before the door was again gently opened. She did not move: but she presently heard father Laxabon's soft voice saying,

"Pardon, Madame: but I am compelled to ask where is Mademoiselle L'Ouverture?"

"She is asleep," said Thérèse, rousing herself:—"asleep, if indeed she be not dead. If this last sound did not rouse her, I think the trumpet of doom will scarcely reach her soul."

This last sound had roused Génifrède. She did

not recognise it;—she was not aware what had wakened her: but she had started up, supposed it night, but felt so oppressed that she sprang from the bed, with a confused wonder at finding herself dressed, and threw open the door to the salon. There she now stood, bewildered with the sudden light, and looking doubtful whether to advance or go back.

"My daughter . . ." said father Laxabon. She came forward, with a docile and wistful look. "My daughter," he continued, "I bring you some comfort."

"Comfort?" she repeated, doubtingly.

"Not now, father," interposed Thérèse. "Spare her."

"Spare me?" repeated Génifrède, in the same tone.

"I bring her comfort," said the father, turning reprovingly to Madame Dessalines. "His conflict is over, my daughter," he continued, advancing to Génifrède. "His last moments were composed: and, as for his state of mind in confession . . ."

He was stopped by a shriek so appalling, that he recoiled as if shot, and supported himself against

the wall. Génifrède rushed back to the chamber, and drove something heavy against the door. Thérèse was there in an instant, listening, and then imploring, in a voice which, it might be thought, no one could resist,

" Let me in, love ! It is Thérèse. No one else shall come. If you love me, let me in."

There was no answer.

" You have killed her, I believe," she said to the priest, who was walking up and down in great disturbance,—not with himself, but with the faithless creature of passion he had to deal with.

" The windows ! " exclaimed Thérèse, vexed not to have thought of this before. She stepped out upon the balcony. One of the chamber windows was open, and she entered. No one was there. Génifrède must have fled down the steps from the balcony into the gardens ; and there Thérèse hastened after her. In one of the fenced walks leading to the fountain, she saw the fluttering of her clothes.

" The reservoir ! " thought Thérèse, in despair.

She was not mistaken. Génifrède stood on the brink of the deep and brimming reservoir,—her hands were clasped above her head for the plunge,

when a strong hand seized her arm, and drew her irresistibly back. In ungovernable rage she turned, and saw her father.

"They say," she screamed, "that every one worships you. Not true now! Never true more! I hate . . I curse . . ."

He held up his right hand with the action of authority which had awed her childhood. It awed her now. Her voice sank into a low shuddering and muttering.

"That any one should have dared to tell you—" "that any one should have interfered between me and my poor child!" he said, as if involuntarily, while seating her on the fresh grass. He threw himself down beside her, holding her hands, and covering them with kisses.

"This sod is fresh and green," said he; "but would we were all lying under it!"

"Do *you* say so?" murmured Génifrède.

"God forgive me!" he replied. "But we are all wretched."

"You repent, then?" said Génifrède. "Well you may! There are no more such, now you have killed him. You should have repented sooner: it is too late now."

" I do not repent, Génifrède; but I mourn, my child."

" There are no more such," pursued she. " He was gallant."

" He was."

" He was all life: there was no deadness, no coldness;—he was all life."

" He was, my child."

" And such a lover!" she continued, with something of a strange proud smile.

" He was a lover, Génifrède, who made your parents proud."

" Such a soldier!" she dreamed on. " War was his sport, while I trembled at home. He had a soldier's heart."

Her father was silent; and she seemed to miss his voice, though she had not appeared conscious of his replies. She started, and sprang to her feet.

" You will go home now, Génifrède," said her father. " With Madame Dessalines you will go. You will go to your mother and sister."

" Home!" she exclaimed, with loathing. " Yes, I must go home," she said, hurriedly. " You love Pongaudin,—you call it paradise. I wish you joy

of it now! You have put an evil spirit into it. I wish you joy of your paradise!"

She disengaged herself from him as she spoke, and walked away. Thérèse, who had drawn back on seeing that she was in her father's care, now intercepted her path, met her, and drew her arm within hers. Toussaint, who was following, retreated for a moment, to ease his agony by a brief prayer for his child, and for guidance and strength. Having acknowledged with humiliation that he found his mission well-nigh too hard for him, and imploring for the wounded in spirit the consolation which he would willingly purchase for his brother and his child by a life of woe for himself, he repaired to his chamber of audience; where, for the rest of the morning, he appeared wholly engrossed by the affairs of the citizens of Cap. The steadiness of his attention to business was felt by his still-agitated secretary as a rebuke to his own wandering thoughts.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERCH OF THE RAVEN.

Euphrosyne's life in the convent was dull and weary. It would probably have been so anywhere, for some time after the old man's death: but elsewhere there would have been more to do and to amuse herself with. Every one was kind to her,—too kind. She had been accustomed to the voice of chiding during all the years that she had lived with her grandfather; and she did not mind it. It would now have been something of a relief, something welcome and familiar, to have been called "child" and "little fool" at times, instead of being told at every turn that she was an angel and a love, and finding that she was every one's pet, from the abbess to old Raphael.

The kindness of the household had begun from the moment the poor girl appeared, after having been consoled by Father Gabriel, and visited by

Pierre and the guardian, to whose care her grandfather had confided her person and her property. Pierre had engaged to see her daily till the furniture should have been sold, and the house shut up, and he himself about to embark for France, with the savings of his long service. Her guardian, M. Critois, knew but little of young people, and how to talk to them. He had assured her that he mourned extremely the loss of his old acquaintance,—the acquaintance of so many years,—and so lost. He declared his desire of discharging his office of guardian so as to prove himself worthy of the trust, and his hope that he and his ward should be very good friends. At present, it was his wish that she should remain where she was; and he asked whether she did not find every one very kind to her. Euphrosyne could just say, "Yes;" but she was crying too much to be able to add, that she hoped she should not have to remain in the convent very long. M. Critois saw that she was struggling to say something: but, after waiting a minute, he stroked her hair, promised to come again some day soon, hoped she would cheer up, had no doubt she would be very happy,—and was gone, glad to have done with sobbing girls for this day.

When the gates had closed upon him, the petting began. The abbess decreed that Euphrosyne should have the sole charge of her mocking-bird. Sister Angélique, who made the prettiest artificial flowers in the world, invited her to her apartment at all reasonable hours, when she might have a curiosity to see to learn the process. Sister Célestine had invented a new kind of comfit which she begged Euphrosyne to try, leaving a paper of sweet-meats on her table for that purpose. Old Raphael had gained leave to clear a parterre in the garden which was to be wholly hers, and where he would rear such flowers as she particularly admired. Father Gabriel himself, after pointing out to her the uncertainty of life, the sudden surprises of death, and the care with which it becomes social beings to discharge their duties to each other, since they know not how soon they may be parted,—the serious father Gabriel himself recommended her to amuse herself, and to remember how her grandfather had liked to see her gay. She had, no doubt, been a good girl on the whole; and she could not now do better than continue the conduct which had pleased the departed in the days that were gone.

Petted people generally prove perverse; and so,

in the opinion of the universal household, did Euphrosyne. There could be no doubt of her love for her grandfather. One need but see the sudden tears that sprang, twenty times in a day, when any remembrance of him was awakened. One need but watch her wistful looks cast up towards his balcony, whenever she was in the garden. Yet, when any one expressed indignation against his murderers, she was silent, or she ran away, or she protested against it. Such was the representation which sister Claire made to her reverend mother, on the first opportunity.

"I was not aware that it was exactly so," replied the abbess. "It appears to me that she dislikes to hear any parties made answerable for the murder but those by whose hands it was actually done. She . . ."

The abbess stopped, and sister Claire started, at the sound of musketry.

"Another shot!" said the abbess. "It is a fearful execution. I should have been glad to have removed this poor child out of hearing of these shots; but I had no notice of what was to happen, till the streets were too full for her to appear in them."

"A piece of L'Ouverture's haste!" said sister Claire.

"A fresh instance, perhaps, of his wise speed," observed the abbess. "Events seem to show that he understands the conduct of affairs better than you and I, my daughter."

"Again! Hark! Oh, mercy!" cried sister Claire, as the sound of a prolonged volley reached them.

"Let us hope it is the last," said the abbess, with changing colour. "Christ save their sinful souls!"

The door opened, and Euphrosyne entered, in excessive agitation.

"Madame," she cried, gasping for breath, "do you hear that? Do you know what it is? They have shot General Moyse! Father Gabriel says so.—Oh no, no! L'Ouverture never would do any thing so cruel."

Sister Claire looked at the abbess.

"My daughter," said the abbess, "L'Ouverture's duty is to execute justice."

"Oh Génifrède! Poor, poor Génifrède! She will die too. I hope she is dead."

"Hush, my child! Her life is in God's hand."

"Oh, how cruel! how cruel!" the girl went on, sobbing.

"What would L'Ouverture say," interposed sister Claire, "if he knew that you, of all people, called him cruel? Have you to-day put on this?" she continued, calling Euphrosyne's attention to her new mourning; "and do you call it cruel to execute justice on the rebels and their officers?"

"It is a natural and amiable grief in Euphrosyne," said the abbess; "and if it is not quite reasonable, we can give her time to reflect. She is among friends, who will not report the words of her hours of sorrow."

"You may, — you may," cried Euphrosyne. "You may tell the whole world that it is cruel to . . . to . . . They were to have been married so very soon!—Afra wrote me all about it."

The abbess repeated what she had said about L'Ouverture's office, and the requirements of justice.

"Justice! justice!" exclaimed Euphrosyne. "There has been no justice till now; and so the first act is nothing but cruelty."

The abbess with a look dismissed sister Claire, who by her report of Euphrosyne's rebellion against justice, sent in father Gabriel.

"Euphrosyne thinks, father," reported the abbess, "that these negroes, in consideration of their ignor-

ance, and of their anger at having once been slaves, should be excused for whatever they may do now, in revenge."

"I am surprised," said father Gabriel.

So was Euphrosyne, when she heard her argument thus stated.

"I only mean," said she, striving to subdue her sobs; "I only mean that I wish sister Claire, and sister Benoîte, and all of them would not want me to be glad and revengeful."

"Glad and revengeful!" repeated father Gabriel. "That would be difficult."

"It makes me very miserable,—it can do no good now . . . it could not bring grandpapa to life again, if every negro in Limbé were shot," she continued, as tears rained down her cheeks. "Dear grandpapa never wished any ill to anybody—he never did anybody any harm . . ."

The priest and the abbess exchanged glances.

"Why do you suppose these wretched blacks killed him, my dear?"

"I do not know why they rose, this one particular time. But I believe they have always risen because the whites have been proud and cruel; because the whites used to put them in chains, and

whip them, and part mothers and children. After doing all this, and after bringing them up ignorant and without religion, we expect them to forgive everything that has passed, while we will not forgive them ourselves. But I will,—I will forgive them my share. For all that you religious people may say, I will forgive them: and I am not afraid of what grandpapa would think. I hope he is in a place now where there is no question about forgiving those who have injured us. The worst thing is, the thing that I cannot understand is, how L'Ouverture could do anything so cruel."

"I have a word to say to you, my dear," said the priest, with a sign to the abbess.

"O, father!" replied the abbess, in an imploring tone.

"We must bring her to a right view, reverend sister. Euphrosyne, if your grandfather had not been the kind master you suppose him,—if he had been one of the cruel whites you spoke of just now, if his own slaves had always hated him, and . . ."

"Do stop!" said Euphrosyne, colouring crimson. "I cannot bear to hear you speak so, father."

"You must bear, my child, to listen to what it

is good for you to hear. If he had been disliked by every black in the colony, and they had sought his life out of revenge, would you still be angry that justice was done, and ungrateful that he is avenged?"

"You talk of avenging,—you, a Christian priest!" said Euphrosyne. "You talk of justice,—you who slander the dead!"

"Peace, my daughter!" said the abbess, very gently. "Remember where you are, and whom you speak to."

"Remember where my grandfather is," cried Euphrosyne. "Remember that he is in his grave, and that I am left to speak for him. However," she said—and, in these few moments, a thousand confirmations of the priest's words had rushed upon her memory—a thousand tokens of the mutual fear and hatred of her grandfather and the black race, a thousand signs of his repugnance to visit Le Bosquet—"however," she resumed, in a milder tone, and with an anxious glance at father Gabriel's face, "father Gabriel only said 'if'—*if* all that he described had been so."

"True, my child," replied the abbess: "father Gabriel only said 'if it had been so.'"

"And if it had," exclaimed Euphrosyne, who did not wish to hear the father speak again at the moment—"if it had been so, it would have been wicked in the negroes to do that act in revenge; but it could never, never excuse us from forgiving them—from pitying them because they had been made cruel and revengeful. I am sure I wish they had all lived—that they might live many, many years, till they could forget those cruel old times, and, being old men themselves, might feel what it is to touch an old man's life. This is the kind of punishment I wish them; and I am sure it would be enough."

"It is, indeed, said," observed the abbess, "'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"And O! poor Génifrède!" pursued Euphrosyne. "She no more wished ill to my parent than I do to hers; and her lover—it was not he that did it: and yet . . . Oh, father Gabriel, are you sure that that firing—that last volley . . ."

"It was certainly the death-stroke of Moyse. I perceive how it is, my child. I perceive that your friendships among this new race have blinded your eyes, so that you cannot see that these executions are, indeed, God's avenging of the murder by which you are made a second time an orphan."

"Do you think L'Ouverture right, then? I should be glad to believe he was not cruel—dreadfully cruel."

"There is no doubt of L'Ouverture being wise and right—of his having finally assured the most unwilling of the inhabitants of their security, and his stern justice. There is no doubt that L'Ouverture is right."

"I could not have believed," said the abbess, "that my daughter would have required a justification of anything done by L'Ouverture."

"Nor I," said Euphrosyne, sighing.

"Under him," said father Gabriel, "there is less crime in the colony than, I verily believe, in any other part of the empire. Under him have homes become sacred, children are instructed, and brethren are taught to dwell together in unity."

"As," said the abbess, "when he stopped in his journey to greet an old negro of ninety-nine, and reconcile to him two who had offended, out of his many children. L'Ouverture is never in so much haste but that he can pause to honour old age: never too busy for works of mercy. If the peacemakers are blessed, so is he."

"And where," continued the father, "where are

the poor? We can observe his continual admonition to works of mercy by nursing the sick, and consoling the afflicted; but we have no longer any poor. By his wisdom, he has won over all to labour. The fields are thronged with labourers: the bays are crowded with ships: the store-houses are overflowing with food and merchandize; and there is a portion for all."

"And it was the French," said Euphrosyne, "who made this last commotion. If they had let L'Ouverture alone, how happy we might all have been! Now, Génifrède will never be happy again. If L'Ouverture could only have forgiven this once! But, father, I have no comfort,—and never shall have comfort, as long as I think that men have been murdered for injuring us."

"Pray for comfort, my child. In prayer you will find consolation."

"I dare not pray, now this has happened. If they were but alive, how I would pray for them!"

"They are alive, my daughter, and where they much need your prayers. Pray for them, and your intercession may be heard."

Euphrosyne saw that her feelings were not

understood; and she said no more. She listened to all the teachings that were offered her, and reserved her doubts and troubles for Afra's ear. Afra would tell her whether it could be right in such a Christian as L'Ouverture to render violence for violence. As for what the father and the abbess said about the effect of example, and the necessity and the benefit of assuring and conciliating the whites, by sacrificing negro offenders for their sakes, she dissented from it altogether. She had witnessed Toussaint's power,—the power with which his spirit of gentleness and forbearance endowed him; and she believed that, if he would but try, he would find he could govern better by declaring always for the right and against the wrong, and leaving vengeance to God, than by the violent death of all the ignorant and violent men in the island. She would ask Afra. She was pretty sure Afra would think as she did: and, if so, the time might come,—it made her breathless to think of it, but she could not help thinking of it every day,—the time might come when she might ask Toussaint himself what he thought was exactly meant, in all cases, by forgiving our enemies; and particularly whether this did not extend to forgiving other

people's enemies, and using no vengeance and no violence at all.

This idea of seeing Afra gained strength under all the circumstances of her present life. If father Gabriel offered her comfort which was no comfort, or reproved her when she did not feel herself wrong; if the abbess praised her for anything she had not designed to be particularly right; if the sisters applauded sayings which she was conscious were not wise; if her heart ached for her grandfather's voice or countenance; if M. Critois visited her, or Pierre did not; if her lesson in history was hard, or her piece of needle-work dull; if her flowers faded, or her bird sang so finely that she would have been proud for the world to hear it,—the passion for seeing Afra was renewed. Afra would explain all she could not understand, would teach her what she wanted to know. Afra would blame her where she was aware she was wrong, instead of bidding her be quit of it with a few prayers, while laying much heavier stress upon something that she could cure much more easily. Afra wrote her a few letters, which were read by the abbess before they were delivered to her; and many more which Pierre slipped into her hand during

their occasional interviews. She herself wrote such prodigiously long letters to Afra, that to read them through would have been too great an addition to the reverend mother's business. She glanced over the first page and the last; and, seeing that they contained criticisms on Alexander the Great, and pity for Socrates, and questions about flower-painting, and embroidery, she skipped all that lay between.

It was not that Euphrosyne did not love and trust the abbess. She loved her so as to open to her all but the inner chambers of her heart; and she trusted her with all but other persons' concerns. The middle pages of her letters contained speculation chiefly; speculation, in the first place, on Afra's future destiny, names and events being shrouded under mysterious expressions; and, in the second place, on points of morals, which might be referred to M. Pascal, whose opinion was of great value. Euphrosyne had a strong persuasion, all the while, that she should one day tell her reverend mother the whole. She knew that she should not object to her seeing every line that Afra held of hers. Whatever was clandestine in the correspondence was for the sake of avoiding restraint, and not

because she was ashamed of any of her thoughts.

One morning, the abbess found her in the garden, listlessly watching the hues of a bright lizard, as it lay panting in the sun. The abbess put her arm round her waist, while stooping to look.

"How it glitters!" said she. "It is a pretty piece of God's handiwork: but we must leave it now, my dear. This sun is too hot for you. Your chamber, or sister Claire's room, is the fittest place for you at this hour. You find your chamber cool?"

"Yes, madam."

"The new ventilator works well?"

"Yes, madam."

"You find—this way, my dear,—this alley is the most shady—you find your little bed comfortable?"

"Yes, madam."

"And your toilet-cover,—sister Marie's work,—is, I think, extremely pretty: and the book-shelf that father Gabriel gave you, very convenient. Your friends here, my dear, are fond of you. They are anxious to make you happy."

"They are all very kind to me, madam."

"I am glad you are sensible of it. You are not of an ungrateful nature, we all know."

"I hope not: but, madam, I cannot stay here always."

"I was going to say, my dear, that we have not done everything in our power for you yet. We must not forget that we grave women must be dull companions for a girl like you."

"It is not that, reverend mother. But I cannot stay here always."

"You will find it a very different thing when you have a companion of your own age, which I hope will be the case very soon. There is a negociation on foot respecting a sweet girl, every way worthy of being your companion . . ."

"But, madam, I do not want that,—I do not wish for any companion while I am here. I had much rather be alone; but . . ."

"But you would like to leave us,—eh? You would like to be on a plantation, where you could amuse yourself with playing with the little negroes, and driving about the country, and visiting your neighbours two or three times a week."

Euphrosyne smiled, and plucked a twig to play with.

"You would like," continued the abbess, "to live with accomplished people,—to have a fine library, to lie on a couch and read during the hot hours; and to sing gay songs in the piazza in the evening."

Euphrosyne smiled again.

"You would like," the abbess went on, "to dance, night after night, and to make pic-nic parties to the cacao walks, and to the shore. You would like to win over your guardian to let you have your own way in everything: and, to be sure, in comparison with his house, our convent"

"My guardian!" exclaimed Euphrosyne. "Live at M. Critois'! O no!" And she laughed as she went on,—

"He would be telling me every day that we should be very good friends. He would be saying all day long that it was his desire fully to discharge his duty to me. I can hardly help shaking off his hand now, when he strokes my hair: and, if it came to his doing it every morning, we should certainly quarrel. They say Madame Critois never speaks; so I suppose she admires his conversation too much to interrupt it. There she and I should never agree.—Live at my guardian's! O, no!"

"You were thinking of some other house while I was describing your guardian's, my dear! What were you thinking of? Where would you live?"

Euphrosyne plucked another twig, having pulled the first to pieces. She smiled again, blushed, and said she would tell her reverend mother very soon what home she was thinking of:—she could not tell to-day; but in a little while

"In the mean time," said the abbess, with a scrutinising gaze,—"in the mean time, I conclude father Gabriel knows all that is in your mind."

"You will know in good time what I am thinking of, madam: everybody will know."

The abbess was troubled.

"This is beginning early," she said, as if thinking aloud; "this is beginning early with the mysteries and entanglements of life and the world! How wonderful it is to look on, to be a witness of these things for two or three successive generations! How every young creature thinks her case something wholly new,—the emotions of her awakened heart something that God never before witnessed, and that man never conceived of! After all that has been written about love, upon the cavern walls of Hindoo temples, and in the hiero-

glyphics of old Egypt, and printed over all the mountains and valleys of the world by that deluge which was sent to quench unhallowed love, every young girl believes in her day that something unheard-of has happened, when the dream has fallen upon her. My dear child, listen to one who knows more of life than you do,—to one who would have you happy, not only in the next world, but in this."

"Thank you, reverend mother."

"Love is holy and blessed, my dear, when it comes in its due season,—when it enters into a mind disciplined for new duties, and a heart waiting for new affections. In one who has no mother to help and comfort . . ."

"No mother, it is true," said Euphrosyne.

"The mother is the parent naturally most missed," said the abbess, supposing she was reading her pupil's mind. "Where there is no mother by a young girl's side, and no brothers and sisters to serve, the fancy and the heart are apt to fix prematurely on some object,—too likely, in that case, to be one which will deceive and fail. But, my dear, such a young girl owes duty to herself, if God has seen fit to make her solitary in the world."

" One cannot say solitary," interposed Euphrosyne, " or without duties."

" You are right, my love. No one is, indeed, solitary in life, (blessed be God !) nor without duties. As I was going to say, such a young girl's business is to apply herself diligently to her education, during the years usually devoted to instruction. This is the work appointed to her youth. If, while her mind is yet ignorant, her judgment inexperienced, and her tastes actually unformed, she indulges any affection or fancy which makes her studies tedious, her companions dull, and her mind and spirits listless, she has fallen into a fearful snare."

" How long then would you have a girl's education go on ? And if her lover be very particularly wise and learned, do not you think she may learn more from him than in any other way ? And if she be not dull and listless, but very happy . . ."

" Every girl," interrupted the abbess, with a grave smile, " thinks her lover the wisest man in the world : and no girl in love would exchange her dreams for the gayest activity of the fancy-free."

" Well, but, as to the age," persisted Euphrosyne, " how soon . . ."

"That depends upon circumstances, my dear. But in all cases, I consider sixteen too early."

"Sixteen! Yes. But nineteen,—or, one may say, twenty. Twenty, next month but one."

"My dear," said the abbess, stopping short, "you do not mean to say . . ."

"Indeed, madam," said Euphrosyne, very earnestly, "Afra will be twenty in two months. I know her age to a day, and . . ."

"And you have been speaking of Mademoiselle Raymond all this time! Well, well . . ."

"And you were thinking of me, I do believe. O, madam, how could you? Why, I never saw anybody."

"I was wondering how it could be," said the abbess, striving to conceal her amusement and satisfaction. "I was surprised that you should have seen any one yet; and I was going to give you a lecture about half-confidences with father Gabriel."

"And I could not conceive what father Gabriel had to do with Afra's affairs: or how you came to know anything about it. I have let it out now, however; and I do not know what Afra will say."

"You have not told me who the gentleman is, you know; so there is not much harm done. No,

do not tell me, my dear, till Mademoiselle Raymond desires it."

"O, I may as well, now you know so much. I dare say Afra would have no objection; particularly as you will then understand what I meant about living somewhere else. When you talked of a fine library," she continued, laughing, "how could I suppose you were thinking of any in the colony but M. Pascal's?"

"So he is the gentleman," said the abbess. "How times are changed! A lady of colour may be Madame Pascal now, without reproach."

"I am glad it is out," said Euphrosyne, gaily. "I can speak now to somebody about Afra. O, madam, you do not know, you cannot imagine, how they love one another."

"Cannot I?"—and the abbess sighed.

"And I may look forward to living with them. They say I may, madam. They say I must. And surely my guardian will have no objection. Do you think he can, madam?"

"Indeed I do not know. I am acquainted with the parties only by hearsay. Report speaks highly of M. Pascal. Some persons at Paris, and some formerly in office here, are surprised at his unqualified

adherence to the Ouverture system: but I never heard anything worse of him than that."

"And that is nothing but good, as any one would say who really knew all those dear people. L'Ouverture and M. Pascal are almost like father and son. Afra says . . ."

"My dear," interposed the abbess, "you wondered how I knew of this affair. You must allow me to wonder how you have gained all this intelligence. Mademoiselle Raymond must have crossed her letters with sympathetic inks, which the warmth of your friendship brought out; for not a syllable of what you have told me have her letters conveyed to me."

The abbess did not mean to press for an answer; so indulgent was she made by the complacency of discovering that her charge was not entangled in a love affair. While Euphrosyne was blushing, and hunting for a reply which should be true and yet guarded, she was relieved by the rapid approach of sister Benoîte.

"Something is amiss," said the abbess, assuming the look of calmness with which she was wont to await bad news. "What has happened to alarm you, my daughter?"

"There is a message, reverend mother," said the breathless nun, "from Madame Ogé. She invites herself to our evening repast. If you cannot receive her to-day, she will come to-morrow."

"She shall be welcome," said the abbess, without, however, much of the spirit of welcome in her tone.

"So this is our calamity!" said Euphrosyne, laughing.

"There is calamity at hand, assuredly," sighed sister Benoîte.

"Nay, nay, my daughter. This is superstition," said the abbess.

"Whatever it be, reverend mother, do we not all, does not every one quake when Madame Ogé comes abroad?"

"It is but seldom that she does," said the abbess: "and it is our part to make her welcome."

"But seldom, indeed, reverend mother. When all goes well—when the crops are fine, and the island all at peace, no one hears of Madame Ogé. She keeps within her coffee-groves . . ."

"Mourning her sons," interposed the abbess.

"But," continued the nun, "when any disaster is about to happen, we have notice of it by Madame

Ogé coming abroad. She came to this very house the first day of the meeting of the deputies, in that terrible August of ninety-one. She came a day or two before the rising against Hédouville. She came the night before the great hurricane of ninety-seven—"

"That was an accident," said the abbess, smiling.

"Then you think it is not by accident that she always comes out before misfortunes happen?" asked Euphrosyne, trembling as she spoke.

"By no means, my dear. It is easily explained. Madame Ogé looks upon her sons as martyrs in the cause of the mulattoes. When all goes well, as all has done, under L'Ouverture's rule, with only a few occasional troubles,—fewer and slighter than might have been expected during such a change in society as we have witnessed,—when all goes well, Madame Ogé feels that her sons are forgotten; and, as my daughter Benoîte says, she mourns them alone in the shades of her coffee-groves. She seems, however, to have means of information which persons less interested have not: and when she has reason to believe that troubles will ensue, she hopes that the names of her sons will once more be a watchword, for the humiliation

of both blacks and whites; and she comes forth with her hungry maternal heart, and her quick maternal ear, to catch the first echo of the names which are for ever mingled with her prayers."

"Can she mingle those names with her prayers, and yet not forgive?"

"My child, is it not so with us all? Do we not pray for our enemies, and ask to be forgiven as we forgive, and come out from our closets with ears open to the fresh slanders of the day, and hearts ready to burn at the thought of old injuries? It might be well for us, if we had the excuse of this wretched woman, whose woes have been such as might naturally have shaken her reason, and prostrated her will. If there be any above others with whom God will be long-suffering, it is with the mother whose children have been torn from her arms, to be tortured and destroyed, and their very names made a term of reproach."

"You think something is going to happen?"

"As my daughter Benoîte says, on one occasion there was a hurricane. To-morrow the sun may rise, or there may be a cloud in the sky."

"Nay, but . . ." said sister Benoîte.

"Nay, but," said the abbess, smiling, "I will

have nothing said which shall make Euphrosyne look upon my guest as a sorceress, or as the instrument of any evil one. I wish all my daughters to meet Madame Ogé with cheerfulness. It is the best I have to offer her,—the cheerfulness of my family; and that of which she has least at home. You hear, Euphrosyne."

"Madam, you do not mean that I am to see her. Indeed I cannot,—indeed I dare not. It is no disrespect—quite the contrary. But I could not hold up my head before one who . . ."

"Poor Madame Ogé, if all said so!" exclaimed the abbess.

"That is true," said Euphrosyne. "I will be there: but, dear mother, do not speak particularly to me. Do not draw her attention upon me."

"I will not, my dear."

"Do you think she will speak angrily of the Ouvertures? I hope she will say nothing about poor General Moyse."

"You must bear what she says, be it what it may."

"True. And it is only for one evening. But I wish it was over. I shall be glad when to-mor-

row morning is come, and I shall be in this alley again."

"Meantime, my dear, you have been long enough here for this morning. Let us go in."

The prospect of any guest was in itself acceptable to the sisterhood. It gave them something to do, and afforded one day of variety. The abbess's parlour and the refectory had to be adorned with fresh flowers. Napkins, of the workmanship of one sister, were laid beside the plates; and on the table were fruits gathered by another,—sweet-meats made by a third, and chocolate prepared by the careful hands of a fourth. Even the abbess's veil looked whiter, and more exactly put on than usual. Everything within the walls was in its nicest order, some time before Madame Ogé's carriage drew up before the gate.

Two or three of the sisters and Euphrosyne were with the abbess in her parlour, when Madame Ogé entered. Euphrosyne had permission to bring in her work; so that she could sit plying her needle, and listening to what went on, without many nervous feelings about being observed by a person whom she could become acquainted with only by stealing glances at her face.

That face, she thought, must in its youth have had much of the beauty common among mulattoes, if not natural to them, in a favourable climate. It was now deeply impressed with sorrow. Every line,—every feature, told of sorrow. There was no other painful expression in it. There was great solemnity, but stillness rather than passion,—nothing which warranted, in itself, the superstitious fears which the sisters had of the unhappy lady. She was handsomely dressed, and her manner was quiet.

The conversation turned first upon the state of the coffee and sugar crops, about which little could be said, because the prospect of every kind of produce was excellent. So much regard was everywhere paid to the processes of cultivation; and the practice of ten years, under the vigilant eye of Toussaint and his agents, had so improved the methods of tillage and the habits of the cultivators, that the bounties of the soil and climate were improved, instead of being intercepted. Every year, since the revolution, the harvests had been richer; and this was the crowning year.

"Yes," said Madame Ogé: "we have heard a great deal of all that; and I fancy we have nearly heard the last of it."

"There must, indeed," replied the abbess, "be some limit to the fruitfulness of the soil, and to the industry of those who till it: and it does seem as if the earth could yield no more than it is bringing forth this year."

"Father Gabriel says," observed sister Claire, "that in his journeys he could almost believe that the fields sing, and the hills rejoice with music, as the Scripture says,—the cultivators are so hidden among the corn, and the canes, and the groves and the vines, that their songs really seem to come out of the ground."

"It is in the woods," added sister Benoîte, "as if the very trees shouted . . ."

She stopped abruptly before the name L'Ouverture, remembering that it would not be acceptable to all the present company.

"I have no doubt," said Madame Ogé, "that all the monkeys and parrots are taught to shout L'Ouverture. Like his people, they are quick at learning that much. But I imagine there will be something else for Toussaint to do presently, than teaching the birds of the woods to praise him."

As no one asked what was likely to happen, she

reserved for the present the news they trembled to hear ; and went on,

"It is grievous to see so good a negro as Toussaint lost and spoiled. I knew him of old, when he was at Breda: and many a time has M. Bayou told me that he was the most faithful, decent, clever, well-mannered negro on the estate."

"I believe he preserves those qualities still," observed the abbess, reproving with a glance the laugh which was rising at this description of the Commander-in-chief.

"If those had been masters who ought to have been masters," pursued Madame Ogé, "Toussaint would, no doubt, have been placed at the head of the negroes; for we knew him well,—I and they whom I have lost. Then, without insubordination, without any being lifted out of their proper places, to put down others, we should have had a vast improvement in the negroes. Toussaint would have been made their model, and perhaps would have been rewarded with his freedom, some day or other, for an example. This would have satisfied all the ambition he had by nature. He would have died a free man, and perhaps have emancipated his family. As it is, they will all die slaves : and they

will feel it all the harder for the farce of greatness they have been playing these ten years. I am very sorry for them; and I always was: for I foresaw from the beginning how it would end."

"Do you really imagine that any one thinks of enslaving this wonderful man again? And what should make him submit to it?"

"He would sooner lay a train to the root of Cibao, and blow up the island," exclaimed Euphrosyne.

"Are you one of his party, young lady? You look too much as if you were but just landed from France for me to suppose that I was speaking before a friend of L'Ouverture's. If you really are lately from France, you may know that there is a greater than our poor Toussaint, to whom he must yield at command."

"I have never been at Paris, madame; and I do not believe that there is a greater than L'Ouverture, there, or anywhere else."

"You have been a happy child, I see: you have lived so retired from our miserable world as not to have heard of Bonaparte. It was by Bonaparte, my dear, for Bonaparte's convenience, and (it is my idea) for his amusement, that Toussaint was made what he is, and allowed to gallop about,

with his trumpeters behind him, for so long. You look as if you did not believe me, my dear. Well: time will show."

"I thought," said Euphrosyne, "that Toussaint was the First of the Blacks before Bonaparte was the First of the Whites. I have no doubt, however, that it has been very convenient to Bonaparte, and very surprising to him and everybody, that the colony has been so perfectly well governed by one from whom they could have expected nothing. I hope Bonaparte will be too wise and too grateful to injure him, or even to hurt his feelings: and I feel very sure that Bonaparte is not strong enough, with all the world to help him, to make L'Ouverture and his family slaves again."

"We shall see. Even I may live to see it; and I have no doubt you will. Bonaparte is going to try; and, if he cannot, as you say, do it by himself, he may now persuade all the world to help him: for he is making peace on all hands."

"You have that news from France?" enquired the abbess.

"I have it from a sure quarter,—never mind how. It will soon be generally known that the preliminaries of peace between France and England

are signed: and I happen to know two things more;—that Bonaparte has agreed to maintain negro slavery in Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Cayenne; and that—(pray, listen, young lady)—he declares to the English that he can do what he pleases in St. Domingo. I wish he could see that angry blush. Pray look at her, Madame! I see she thinks Bonaparte a very impertinent fellow."

"I do," replied Euphrosyne: "and I hope he will know better, and feel better, before he is L'Ouverture's age."

"Ha! he ought to know what disloyal little hearts there are beating against him in this St. Domingo that he thinks all his own."

"Perhaps," observed the abbess, "he used these words when he was not speaking of slavery; but rather from being aware of the loyalty of the Ouverture family; which is, I believe, exemplary."

"It is," declared Euphrosyne, looking up, with glowing eyes. "He has not only served, but worshipped Bonaparte, all the years that they have both ruled. In his own family, M. Pascal says—"

"What is M. Pascal to do under the changes that are coming?" interrupted Madame Ogé. "He has placed himself in a difficulty, it seems to me.

Will he go under the yoke with his father-in-law? (for I suppose in his devotion, he will be marrying one of Toussaint's daughters). Will he take the hoe, and go into the field . . .? You are smiling, my dear young lady."

Euphrosyne was indeed smiling. She could not but hope that, as Madame Ogé was so ill-informed about the affairs of M. Pascal, and of the Raymonds, who were of her own colour, she might be mistaken about the whole of her news.

"You are smiling," repeated Madame Ogé. "Though you stoop your head over your work, I see that you have some droll thought."

"It would be strange certainly," replied Euphrosyne, "to see the philosophical M. Pascal hoeing canes, or working at the mill. Yet I believe we may be certain that he will be a slave as soon as Toussaint, or any negro in St. Domingo."

"Young people like to be positive," said Madame Ogé to the abbess. "But it does not much matter, as they have life before them; time enough to see what is true, and what is not. Is it your doctrine, my dear young lady, that God has given over his wrath towards this island; and that it is to be happy henceforth, with the negroes for masters?"

"With the negroes for equals, I think it may be happy. But I never thought of God being wrathful towards us. I thought our miseries had arisen out of men's wrath with each other."

"If ever," said Madame Ogé, in a low tone, but yet so that every word was heard,—"if ever there was a place set apart by cursing,—if ever there was a hell upon this earth, it is this island. Men can tell us where paradise was:—it was not here, whatever Columbus might say. The real paradise, where the angels of God kept watch, and let no evil thing enter, was on the other side of the globe: and I say that this place was meant for a hell, as that was for a heaven, upon earth. It looked like heaven to those who first came; but that was the devil's snare. It was to make lust sweeter, and cruelty safer, that he adorned the place as he did. In a little while, it appeared like what it was. The innocent natives were corrupted; the defenceless were killed; the strong were made slaves. The plains were laid waste, and the valleys and woods were rifled. The very bees ceased to store their honey: and among the wild game there was found no young. Then came the sea-robbers, and haunted the shores: and many a dying wretch screamed at

night among the caverns,—many a murdered corps lies buried in our sands. Then the negroes were brought in from over the sea; and from among their chains, from under the lash, grew up the hatred of races. The whites hated the mulattoes, and despised the blacks. The mulattoes hated both the whites and the blacks; and . . ."

"And," interposed Euphrosyne, courageously, "the blacks hated neither. They loved where they could; and where they could not love, they forgave; and there lies the proof that this island is not hell."

"You have proved nothing, my dear, but that you do not know what has happened, even since you were born. Any white will tell you what the negroes did, so late as the year ninety-one,—how they killed their masters by inches,—how they murdered infants,—how they carried off ladies into the woods . . ."

A sign from the abbess availed to stop Madame Ogé, even in the midst of a subject on which none usually dared to interrupt her. Euphrosyne, in some agitation, replied,

"I am aware of all that you say: but every one allows that the most ignorant and cruel of the

negroes did over again exactly what they had seen the whites do to their race. But these revengeful blacks were few, very few, in comparison with the numbers who spared their masters, helped and comforted them, and are now working on their estates,—friends with all who will be friends with them. The place is not hell where thousands of men forget the insults of a life-time, and bind up the wounds of their oppressors."

"I cannot doubt," said the abbess, "that ever since there was a Christian in the island, there have been angels of God at hand, to sanctify the evil which they were not commissioned to prevent. Violence is open to the day. Patience is hidden in the heart. Revenge has shouted his battle-cry at noon, while forgiveness breathes her lowly prayer at midnight. Spirits from hell may have raged along our high-roads; but I trust that, in the fiercest times, the very temper of Christ may have dwelt in a thousand homes, in a thousand nooks of our valleys and our woods."

"Besides," sister Benoîte ventured to say, "our worst troubles were so long ago! For ten years now, we have been under the holy rule of a devout man; and, for the most part, at peace."

"Peace!" exclaimed Madame Ogé, contemptuously.

"There have been disputes among the rulers, as father Gabriel says there are among all the rule in the world: but he says (and no one knows better than father Gabriel) that the body of the people have not been troubled by these disputes, and are not even aware of them."

"Does not father Gabriel tell you that ten years are but a day in heaven and hell? Yes, in hell:—they may be long for suffering; but they are short for revenge. The cruel master, who saw one slave faint under the lash, and let another die in the stocks, and tore the husband from the wife, and the child from the mother, might escape for the time with the destruction of his family, punished for his sake:—he might live safely, in the midst of the city, for the ten years you speak of: but, let him venture out for a single day,—let him but drive to his own estate and back again, and, grey as his head is, he is shot in his own carriage, as soon as it is dark."

Before the abbess could anticipate what was coming, the words were out. Before she could make a sign, Euphrosyne had rushed from the room.

It was not long before the abbess entered the chamber of her charge. She found her stretched on the bed, not weeping, but shuddering with horror.

"My daughter," said she, "I grieve that this trial should have come upon you already. If one could have foreseen . . ."

"But, madam, is it true? She meant *him*, I know. Tell me faithfully, is it true?"

"It is, my daughter."

"What all? Every one of those things?"

"All true. Perhaps it is well that you should know it, that the departed may have the benefit of your prayers. But how differently would I have had you told!"

"Never mind that! Whatever is true, I can and will bear. I will pray for him, madam, day and night;—as long as I live will I pray for him: for he was to me . . . O, madam, how he loved me! I will make reparation for him;—the reparation that he would make if he could. I will find out who were the poor creatures . . . I will make them happy for as long as they live, for his sake. You will help me, madam."

"I will. It is a pious intention."

"I owe him all that I can do. I ask one favour of you, madam. Let no one speak to me about him,—never again. No one can understand what he was to me,—what care he took of me,—how he used to love me. Oh! madam, is it quite certain,—are you quite sure that those things are true?"

"My child, do not give me the pain of explaining more. As you say, let this never again be spoken of.—I propose to you, Euphrosyne, to make a virtuous effort."

"Not to come down this evening, madam?"

"Yes, my child, to come down this evening. I think it of importance that Madame Ogé should not discover how she has wounded you, and that nothing should occur to fix her attention on the descendant of one who was active in procuring the death of her sons. Trust me, my dear, it is worth an effort to prevent Madame Ogé leaving this house your enemy."

"I do not care for it, madam. Let her hate me. She is quite welcome."

"You are thinking only of yourself, Euphrosyne. I am thinking also of her. Consider how sore a heart she carries within her. Consider how

wretched her life has been made by the enmities in which she has lived. Will you not save her one more? You have professed to pity her. Now you can show if your pity is real, by saving her from a new enmity."

"I am willing to do that: but how can I speak to her? How can we know what things she may say?"

"You shall not converse with her again. The table is spread. Go down now, and take your place at the foot, beside sister Claire. When we rise from table, I will dismiss you to your room as in course."

"I wish that time was come," sighed Euphrosyne, as she languidly arranged her hair.

The abbess stroked her pale cheek, as she said that in an hour she would be glad the effort was made.

"You can spend the evening in writing to your friend," said she; "and if you think proper to tell her that I know her secret, you may assure her of my blessing and my prayers. They are due to one who loves my dear charge as she does."

Euphrosyne's cheeks were now no longer pale.

"And may I tell her, madam, what Madame

Ogé has been declaring about Bonaparte and his threats?"

"It will be needless, my dear. If there be any truth in the matter, M. Pascal doubtless knows more than Madame Ogé."

"In that case, there can be no harm in mentioning it."

Still the abbess thought it would be safer to say nothing about it; and Euphrosyne gave up the point for to-night, remembering that she could perhaps send a private despatch afterwards by the hands of Pierre.

During the meal, while the length of the table was between them, Euphrosyne nearly escaped the notice of Madame Ogé. When it was over, and the sisters rose, while the guest and the abbess passed out to the parlour, the abbess stopped at Euphrosyne, kissed her forehead, and commended her to her studies. Madame Ogé stopped too, and put in an intercession that the young lady might be excused studying this evening, and permitted to return to her pretty fancy-work in the parlour. The colour rushed to Euphrosyne's temples,—a sign of ardent hope of a holiday, in Madame Ogé's eyes. She therefore thought the abbess grievously

strict when she replied that her charge would prefer spending the evening in her own chamber.

"As you please," said Madame Ogé. "It was my wish to do the child a kindness; and perhaps to have the pleasure myself of seeing a young face for an hour or two,—the rarest of all sights to me. I seldom go out; and when I do, all the young and cheerful faces seem to have hidden themselves."

The abbess regulated her invitations for the evening by this speech. Sisters Debora and Marie, one the youngest, and the other the merriest of the family, were requested to bring their work-bags, and join the party in the parlour.

"Good evening, young lady," said Madame Ogé to Euphrosyne, holding out her hand. "I hoped to have procured you a little freedom, and to have had more conversation about your hero: but . . ."

"If there are to be great changes in the colony," observed the abbess,—"it may yet be in your power, madam, to show kindness to my charge."

"If so, command me, my dear. But it is more likely that the changes to come will have the opposite effect. Then pretty young white ladies may

have all their own way; while the storm will burst again on the heads of the dark people."

"If so, command me, madam," Euphrosyne exerted herself to say. The abbess' smile made her eyes fill with tears, almost before she had spoken.

"Are your eyes wet for me, my dear?" said Madame Ogé, with surprise. "Let the storm burst upon me; for I am shattered and stricken already, and nothing can hurt me. But I shall remember your offer. Meantime, you may depend upon it, the news I told you is true;—the times I warned you of are coming."

"What news? what warning?" eagerly asked the sisters of Euphrosyne, as soon as the guest was out of hearing.

"That there were hurricanes last November, and there will be more the next," replied she, escaping to her chamber. Before she slept, she had written all her news and all her thoughts to Afra, leaving it for decision in the morning, whether she should send entire what she had written.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HERALD ABROAD.

Madame Ogé's news was too true. M. Pascal had held many an anxious conversation with L'Ouverture on the subject, before Afra showed him her little friend's letter. In a short time an additional fact became known,—that Bonaparte had re-established the slave-trade. His enmity to the race of blacks was now open and declared.

The first intimation which the colony at large had of what had happened, was through the altered demeanour of their chief. From the first bright day of the prolific, gorgeous summer, to that in which the season merged in a fierce autumnal storm, L'Ouverture had been seen to be not less calm and quiet than usual, but depressed and sad. Some ascribed his gloom to the transaction at Cap, and the misery it must needs have introduced into his home. Others, who saw how much the colony had

gained in confidence, and Toussaint's government in strength, by that act, looked for a different cause. Some reminded each other that, while no man was more energetic in the hour of proof than their chief, his spirits were wont to droop when others were elated. It seemed as if some boding ghost whispered evil to him most peremptorily when the harvests were ripest before his eyes, when the laugh and the song were loudest in his ear, and when no one dreamed that the bright days of the colony would ever more be overclouded.

It was even so. When Toussaint saw what his race was in peace, it filled him with grief that this peace was not likely to last. When he saw what the true African soul was, when cleansed from blood and anger, and permitted to grow in freedom and in harmony, it was torture to know (as he did too well) that new injuries were preparing for it,—that it was certain to be again steeped in passion and slaughter, and all that was savage in it excited afresh. This, even more than the death of Moyse, cast gloom round his soul, during the last of the series of bright and prosperous summers that were to pass under his eye. When autumn came, it might have made him

wonder, if he had had leisure to consider himself, to find how his spirits rose, and his heart grew light, exactly when dismay and dread began to overcloud every face about him, but when he saw that suspense and struggle were coming to an end. He perceived perplexity in the countenance of his friend Pascal, even in the presence of his bride. He met sorrow in the mild eyes of Henri; he heard that exultation in the voice of Jacques which always struck like discord upon his ear. He observed that in the bearing of Madame Dessalines which carried back his memory ten years into her past history. He saw Aimée tremble at the approach of any one who might bring news from France; and he heard Margot weeping at her prayers, as she implored of Heaven the safe return of her sons. Yet all this caused to his sympathising heart scarcely a pang; so clear was his path now, so distinct was the issue to which his duty, and the fate of his race, was brought.

"Here it ends then," said he, one day at the council-table, rising as he spoke. "Here ends all possibility of compromise. For the blacks, it is slavery or self-defence. It is so, M. Pascal."

"It is. The terms of the new peace are proclaimed."

"And the fact substantiated that Bonaparte has declared that he will do what he pleases with St. Domingo."

"Such were certainly his words."

"Who is surprised?" inquired Dessalines. "I forewarned you of this, long ago: and I said, at the same time, that, if we waited for aggression, we might find it too late for defence."

"Not a word of fear, Jacques! Our victory is as sure as the justice of Heaven."

"Perhaps so; but it would have been easier if you had not been training your people, all these years, to love and cherish those whom they are now going to resist."

"I see and admit our difficulty, Jacques. But if I had governed as you would have had me, we should have been in a worse. I should then have been the chief of a race of savages, instead of soldiers and citizens. If we had been extirpating the whites all this time, we should now have been destroying each other, instead of preparing to go forth to a righteous war."

"True. Most true," declared Henri. "We

may suffer for a time, and fight with the more difficulty, from our habits of observance towards those whom we must now oppose. But God will not allow the spirit of forgiveness and love to be finally a snare."

"Never," said Toussaint. "He has appointed fierce passions for a yoke, and mild affections for freedom. Though Bonaparte betrays and oppresses, the Gospel stands.—It is now time for proclaiming the war throughout the colony."

"I will prepare the proclamation this night," said M. Pascal.

"If you will, my friend," said Toussaint. "But I intend to be my own proclamation. To-morrow morning, I set forth for St. Domingo, to visit my brother in his city. I shall examine every fort, and call together the militia, as I go. The trip would be more effective, if I could have my council about me."

"I will go with you," said Henri.

"And I," exclaimed Jacques.

"And I?" said Raymond, inquiringly.

"No, Raymond. Stay at Port-au-Prince, to report my proceedings to the legislature. And you, M. Pascal, remain here to receive the despatches

which may arrive from France. My brethren-in-arms of the council will be with me. When we have satisfied ourselves, we will let you know whether or not those who would have loved and served France for ever as a guardian angel, can cast her off when she becomes an incubus."

It was a time of high excitement—that in which L'Ouverture, attended by four of his generals, and a train of inferior officers, traversed the island, to communicate or confirm the intelligence that an expedition was believed to be setting sail from France, for the purpose of wresting from the blacks the freedom which was theirs by the law of the land. Toussaint found, not only that all hearts were ready for the assertion of freedom, but that all eyes were so fixed upon him, all ears so open to his lightest word, that there was every probability of his purposes being fully understood, and completely executed. At a word from him, the inhabitants of Cap Français and Port-au-Prince began to remove their property into the fastnesses of the interior, and to prepare to burn those towns, at the moment of the French attempting to land. It was useless to think of preventing a landing, so exposed was the greater part of the coast. The more ra-

tional hope was so to distress the foe on shore as to make them glad to go on board their ships again. Equally satisfactory was the disposition of the interior. The municipal bodies throughout the colony, previously brought under one system, now acted in concert. Their means of communication had been improved, so that each settlement was no longer like an encampment in the wilderness: on the contrary, every order given by L'Ouverture seemed to have been echoed by the mountain-tops around, so promptly was it transmitted, and so continually did he find his commands anticipated. As he went, his four generals parted off, to examine the forts on either hand, and to inspect and animate the militia. Everywhere the same story was told; and everywhere was it received with the same eagerness and docility. "The French are coming, to make slaves of us again. But—there shall never more be a slave in St. Domingo. They are coming; but they are our countrymen till they have struck the first blow. We will demand of them an account of our brethren in Cayenne, in Guadaloupe, and in Martinique. We will ask of them concerning our brethren on the coasts of Africa. If, in return, they throw us chains and the whip, we shall know how

to answer. But not a blow must be struck, till they have shown whether they are brethren or foes. Our dark skin is no disgrace; but the first drop of a brother's blood dyes us all in infamy. Let the infamy be theirs who assault us. At this moment, our first duty is to our white brethren of this island. In this time of our high excitement, they are full of grief. They are guiltless of this attack upon our liberty. They are as willing as we to live and die under the rule of L'Ouverture; and under the special protection of L'Ouverture, they shall, if they please, live and die. Beware of imputing to them the sins of their colour. Protect them from your hearts—defend them with your lives. In the hour of danger, as you invoke the blessing of Heaven, save first the creole whites, and next your wives and your children."

Such were the exhortations spoken everywhere by Christophe, La Plume, and Clerveaux. It could not be expected of Dessalines that he should deliver the last clauses with perfect fidelity. The solemnity of the hour had, however, its tranquillizing effect, even upon his ruling passion. Even his heart, which usually turned to stone at the sight of a white, was moved by the visible distress of the

proprietors of that race, who were, with scarcely an exception, in despair. In private, they execrated the spirit and conduct of their former neighbours, now in Paris, whose representations were the chief cause of the expedition now projected. Instead of remaining or returning, to ascertain the real state of things in St. Domingo; instead of respecting the interests and wishes of those who were entirely satisfied under the government of L'Ouverture, they had prejudiced the mind of the First Consul, and induced him to bring back the ruin and woe which had passed away. The ladies wept and trembled within their houses. Their fathers, husbands, and brothers, flocked to every point where L'Ouverture halted, to assure him of their good will to his government, and to remind him of the difficulty and danger of the position in which they were placed. These last carried some comfort home with them. All who had seen Toussaint's face had met there the gaze of a brother. If there were two or three who went with doubtful minds, prepared to exult at the depression of the blacks, but thinking it well to bespeak protection, in case of the struggle ending the wrong way,—if there was a sprinkling of such among the throng of

whites who joined the cavalcade from the cross roads, they shrunk away abashed before the open countenance of the Deliverer, and stole homewards, to wait the guidance of events.

If it had not been that the city of St. Domingo was at the end of this march, Toussaint would have traversed the colony with a higher spirit and a lighter heart than during any of his serener days of power. But the city of his brother's government was before him; and, at its gate, Paul, whom he had not met since the death of Moyse. He had not been forgetful of his sorrowing brother. He had immediately sent to him father Laxabon, —the best consoler, as the last confidant of the departed. Letter upon letter had Toussaint sent; deed upon deed of kindness had he attempted towards his brother; but still father Laxabon had written, "Come not yet." "He must have time." "Give him time, if there is to be peace between you." Now it had become necessary that they should meet; and far readier was Toussaint to encounter the armies of France than the countenance of his brother. For ever, in the midst of the excitements of the journey, he found himself asking in his own mind, where and how Paul would meet

him; and whether he had cut off from himself his brother, as well as his brother's son.

Meantime, the party rode proudly on, through the interior of the island, signs of welcome spreading around them at every step. From the grass-farms, in the wide savannahs, the herdsmen hastened, with promises to drive their flocks up into the mornes, where no enemy should penetrate while a man remained to guard the passes. At each salute from the forts that rose at intervals along the way, the wild cattle rushed towards the steeps; while the parties of hunters turned back from their sport, to offer themselves as scouts and messengers on behalf of the colony. From some glade of the woods appeared the monk, charged with the blessing of his convent; or the grazier, with a string of horses,—his gift, for the service of the army. Around the crosses which, half-concealed by the long grass of the plains, yet served to mark the road, were gathered groups of women, bearing bags of money, or ornaments of gold and silver, which they would have thrust upon him, to whom they declared that they owed their all: while every settlement displayed its company of armed men, standing in military order, and rend-

ing the air with shouts, on the approach of their chief. La Plume and Clerveaux, to whom such demonstrations were less familiar than to the other generals, no longer doubted that all would be well. They pronounced that the colony already showed itself invincible. Toussaint thought that he might have been of the same opinion, if the expected foe had been any other than French. The event must show whether the pains he had taken to unite his race with their fellow-citizens as brethren would now weaken or strengthen his cause,—whether it would enhance or mitigate the bitterness of the impending quarrel.

On the morning of the last day of their survey of the interior, the party emerged from the shade of the woods, and, crossing the grassy level of the Llanos, reached the ferry by which the Ozama was to be crossed near its mouth. On the opposite bank were horsemen, who, on observing the party approaching the ferry, put spurs to their horses, and galloped southwards, in the direction of the city. They need not so have hastened; for the Deliverer was stopped at every fishing hamlet,—almost at every hut along the shores of the bay, to receive the loyal homage of the inhabitants,—

Spanish as well as French. In the midst of these greetings, the eye and the soul of the chief were absent,—looking to what lay before him. There, at some distance, springing from the level of the plain, rose the cathedral of St. Domingo, and other lofty buildings, whose outline was distinctly marked against the glittering sea which spread immediately behind. An ungovernable impatience seized him, at length, and he broke away, bursting through the throngs upon the road, and resolving not to stop till he should have seen his fate, as a brother, in his brother's eyes.

A procession of priests was issuing from the city gate as he approached. They were robed, and they bore the Host under a canopy. At the first sound of their chant, the generals and their suite threw themselves from their horses, and prostrated themselves upon the grass. On rising, they perceived that the whole city had come out to meet them. "The whole city," Toussaint heard his companions say: and his heart throbbed when he strained his sight to see if the Governor of the city was the only one left at home. The procession of priests had now turned, and was preceding him,—slowly,—so slowly, that he would fain have dis-

pensed with the solemnity. The people crowded round his horse, and impeded his way. He strove to be present to the occasion; but all was like a troubled dream,—the chanting, the acclamation, the bursts of military music from a distance;—all that at other times had fired his soul, was now disturbance and perplexity. A few faithless persons in the crowd, on the watch for information with which they might make interest with the French on their arrival, noted the wandering of the eye and the knitting of the brow, and drew thence a portent of the fall of the Deliverer.

At length the gate was reached; and there, in the shadow of the portal, surrounded by his attendants, stood Paul. On the arrival of his brother at the threshold, he took from an officer the velvet cushion on which the keys of the city were deposited, and advancing to the stirrup of the Commander-in-chief, offered them, according to custom. For an instant, Toussaint gazed on the aged, worn, melancholy countenance beside him, and then stooped from his horse, to fling his arms round the neck of his brother, breathing into his ear,

"If *you* are in your duty at such a time as this,

who else dare fail me? I thank God! I thank God! We cannot fail."

Paul withdrew himself, without speaking. His action was sullen. He led the way, however, towards the Governor's house, evidently expecting to be followed. Not another word passed between them on the way. Through one wide street after another, L'Ouverture was led; and from the balconies of whole ranges of fine houses, from the roof of many a church, and the porch of many a convent, was he hailed, before he could catch another glimpse of the countenance of the brother who preceded him. At the gate of the Governor's house, there was a pause; and way was made for the chief to pass in first. He did so; and the next moment turned round in the vestibule, to speak to Paul; but Paul had disappeared. Glancing round, Toussaint saw father Laxabon awaiting him at the foot of the stair-case. Each advanced to the other.

"Father, he is wretched," whispered Toussaint. "Bring me to him."

"Follow me," said the priest: and, instead of mounting the marble stair-case, L'Ouverture and the father were seen to enter a passage, into which every one else was forbidden to follow. Father

Laxabon tapped softly at a door, and was desired to enter. He opened it, and closed it behind Toussaint, keeping watch outside, that the brothers might not be disturbed.

Paul started to his feet from the couch on which he had thrown himself. He stood waiting. Now was the decisive moment; and Toussaint knew it was. Yet he stood speechless.

"I left my son in your charge," said Paul, at ength.

"You did: and I . . ."

"And you murdered him."

"No, Paul! I executed justice upon him. Hear me, brother, once for all. I am heart-broken for you as a brother: but as a magistrate, I will admit no censure. As his father in your stead, I was, as the event has proved, too ambitious for him: but, as a ruler, I did but my duty."

"Yes! You have been ambitious! You have chosen your duty!"

"My ambition was for him, Paul. As for my duty,—remember that I have too a child whom, by that act, I doomed to worse than death."

"You see what liberty has brought to us. Look at the family of Ouverture;—consider what has

befallen since your struggle for liberty began; and then, perhaps, you will give over struggling. Welcome the French;—go back to Breda;—send me home to my hut on the shore, that I may die in such peace as is left to a childless man. Why do you not answer me, Toussaint? Why will you not give us a last chance of peace? I must obey you at the city gate; but I will importune you here. Why will you not do as I say?"

"Because I know that some—and the Ouvertures among them—were not born to live at ease—to pass their days in peace. I feel that some,—and the Ouvertures among them—are born to suffer—to struggle and to die for their race. If you would know why, ask their Creator. I myself would fain know why. Meantime, the will of God is so clear, that I have devoted, not myself only, but my children. My sons, you know . . ."

"And not your children only, but your brother and his child."

"No. Moyse cast himself away. And as for you, your hut still stands, as you say. Go to it, if you will; or make friends with the French, if you desire to be a slave again. You have suffered too much by me for me to ask you ever to serve me

more. I shall never desire you to dedicate yourself anew to pain, in this crisis. Go and seek for ease. I shall incessantly pray that you may find it."

"I shall not seek what is not to be found, Toussaint. I have never dared wretchedness as you have: but since I am and must be wretched, I will be an Ouverture. Your eye and your voice make me an Ouverture again, even yet. Give me your commands."

"Read this proclamation, with the eye of an Ouverture. Well! Do you like it? How do you understand it?"

"You declare your allegiance to France, declaring, at the same time, its limits, and appealing to your soldiers, in the event of aggression. It is plain from this that you mean to defend yourself, and anticipate war."

"It is well. That is what I intend to convey. You will publish this proclamation, in your city and district, under the date of this 18th of December, 1801. You will then concert with General Clerveaux the measures for the defence of this city, and report your decisions to me, on my return from Cap Samana. Shall it be so, brother?"

"Be it so."

"And we are friends ?"

"We are fellow-citizens,—we are Ouvertures,—and therefore faithful. I shall not betray you."

"That is all I can ask, I know. We are old men, Paul. Fidelity for a while! Beyond the grave, perhaps more."

"You are going already ?"

"To Cap Samana; and alone. Farewell!"

CHAPTER XV.

ALL EYE.

Day by day, in the intervals of his occupation about the defence of the colony, did Toussaint repair to Cap Samana, to look eastwards over the sea. Day by day was he more sure, from the information that reached him, that the French could not be far off. At length, he desired that his generals should be within call from Cotuy, a small town which stood on the banks of the Cotuy, near the western base of the mountainous promontory of Samana,—promontory at low water,—island at high tide.

All was yet dark on the eastern point of this mountain, on the morning of the 28th of December, when two watchmen, who had passed the night under the ferns in a cleft of the steep, came out to look abroad. On their mountain, all was yet dark; for the stars overhead, though still rolling clear and golden,—visible orbs in the empty depths of the

sky,—were so far dimmed by the dawn in the east as no longer to send down their shafts of light upon the earth. The point on which these watchmen stood was so high that between them and the horizon the sea lay like half a world,—an immeasurable expanse, spreading as if from a vast depth below up into the very sky. Dim and soundless lay the mass of waters,—breaking, no doubt, as for ages past, against the rocky precipice below; but not so as to be heard upon the steep. It might have appeared dead, but that a ray from some quarter of the heaven, capriciously touching its surface, showed that it was heaving, as was its wont. Eastwards, at the point of junction of sea and sky, a dusky yellow light shone through the haze of morning, as behind a curtain, and told that the sun was on his way. As their eyes became accustomed to the dim light, (which was darkness compared to that which had visited their dreams among the ferns) the watchmen alternately swept the expanse with their glass, and pronounced that there was not a sail in sight.

"I believe, however, that this will be our day; the wind is fair for the fleet," said Toussaint to Henri. "Go and bathe while I watch."

"We have said for a week past that each would be the day," replied Henri. "If it be to-day, however, they can hardly have a fairer for the first sight of the paradise which poets and ladies praise at the French court. It promises to be the loveliest day of the year. I shall be here again before the sun has risen."

And Christophe retired to bathe in the waterfall which made itself heard from behind the ferns, and was hidden by them; springing, as they did, to a height of twenty feet and upwards. To the murmur and gush of this waterfall the friends had slept. An inhabitant of the tropics is so accustomed to sound, that he cannot sleep in the midst of silence: and on these heights there would have been everlasting silence but for the voice of waters, and the thunders and their echoes in the season of storms.

When both had refreshed themselves, they took their seat on some broken ground on the verge of the precipice, sometimes indulging their full minds with silence, but continually looking abroad over the now brightening sea. It was becoming of a deeper blue as the sky grew lighter, except at that point of the east where earth and heaven seemed to

be kindling with a mighty fire. There the haze was glowing with purple and crimson; and there was Henri intently watching for the first golden spark of the sun, when Toussaint touched his shoulder, and pointed to the northwards. Shading his eyes with his hand, Christophe strove to penetrate the grey mists which had gathered there.

"What is it?" said he,—"a sail? Yes: there is one,—three,—four!"

"There are seven," said Toussaint.

Long did he gaze through the glass at these seven sail; and then he reported an eighth. At this moment his arm was grasped.

"See! see!" cried Christophe, who was looking southwards.

From behind the distant south-eastern promontory Del Enganno, now appeared sail after sail, to the number of twenty.

"All French," observed Christophe. "Lend me the glass."

"All French," replied his friend. "They are, no doubt, coming to rendezvous at this point."

While Henri explored those which were nearest, Toussaint leaned on his folded arms against the

bank of broken ground before him, straining his eyes over the now peopled sea.

"More! More!" he exclaimed, as the sun appeared, and the new gush of light showed sail upon sail, as small specks upon the horizon line. He snatched the glass; and neither he nor Henri spoke for long.

The east wind served the purposes of the vast fleet, whose three detachments, once within each other's view, rapidly converged, showing that it was indeed their object to rendezvous at Cap Samana. Silent, swift, and most fair (as is the wont of evil) was this form of destruction in its approach.

Not a word was spoken as the great ships-of-the-line bore majestically up towards their point, while the lighter vessels skimmed the sea, as in sport, and made haste in, as if racing with one another, or anxious to be in waiting, to welcome their superiors. Nearer and nearer they closed in, till the waters seemed to be covered with the foe. When Toussaint was assured that he had seen them all,—when he had again and again silently counted over the fifty-four ships-of-war,—he turned to his friend with a countenance of anguish, such as even that friend of many years had never seen.

"Henri," said he, "we must all perish. All France has come to St. Domingo!"

"Then we will perish," replied Henri.

"Undoubtedly: it is not much to perish, if that were all. But the world will be the worse, for ever. France is deceived. She comes, in an error, to avenge herself, and to enslave the blacks. France has been deceived."

"If we were but all together," said Henri, "so that there were no moments of weakness to fear . . . If your sons were but with us . . ."

"Fear no moments of weakness from me," said Toussaint, its wonted fire now glowing in his eye. "My colour imposes on me duties above nature; and while my boys are hostages, they shall be to me as if they no longer existed."

"They may possibly be on board this fleet," said Christophe. "If by caution we could obtain possession of them . . ."

"Speak no more of them now," said Toussaint. —Presently, as if thinking aloud, and with his eyes still bent on the moving ships, he went on:

"No, those on board those ships are not boys, with life before them, and eager alike for arts and arms. I see who they are that are there. There

are the troops of the Rhine,—troops that have conquered a fairer river than our Artibonite, storming the castles on her steeps, and crowning themselves from her vineyards. There are the troops of the Alps,—troops that have soared above the eagle, and stormed the clouds, and plucked the ice-king by the beard upon his throne. There are the troops of Italy, —troops that have trodden the old Roman ways, and fought over again the old Roman wars,—that have drunk of the Tiber, and once more conquered the armies of the Danube. There are the troops of Egypt,—troops that have heard the war-cry of the desert tribes, and encamped in the shadow of the pyramids."

"Yet he is not afraid," said Henri to himself, as he watched the countenance of his friend.

"All these," continued Toussaint, "all these are brought hither against a poor, depressed, insulted, ignorant race;—brought as conquerors, eager for the spoil before a blow is struck. They come to disembarrass our paradise of us, as they would clear a fragrant and fruitful wood of apes and reptiles. And if they find that it takes longer than they supposed to crush and disperse us, France has more thousands ready to come and help. The

labourer will leave his plough at a word, and the vine-dresser his harvest, and the artisan his shop,—France will pour out the youth of all her villages, to seize upon the delights of the tropics, and the wealth of the savages, as they are represented by the emigrants who will not take me for a friend, but eat their own hearts far away, with hatred and jealousy. All France is coming to St. Domingo!"

"But," . . . interposed Christophe.

"But, Henri," interrupted his friend, laying his hand on his shoulder, "not all France, with her troops of the Rhine, of the Alps, of the Nile, nor with all Europe to help her, can extinguish the soul of Africa. That soul, when once the soul of a man, and no longer that of a slave, can overthrow the pyramids and the Alps themselves, sooner than be again crushed down into slavery."

"With God's help," said Christophe, crossing himself.

"With God's help," repeated Toussaint. "See here," he continued, taking up a handful of earth from the broken ground on which they stood, "see here what God has done! See, here are shells from the depth of yonder ocean, lying on the mountain top. Cannot he who thus uprears the dust of

his ocean floor, and lifts it above the clouds, create the societies of men anew, and set their lowest order but a little below the stars ?"

"He can," said Christophe, again crossing himself.

"Then let all France come to St. Domingo ! She may yet be undeceived—What now?" he resumed, after a pause of observation. "What manœuvre is this ?"

The ships, almost before they had drawn together, parted off again ; nearly two-thirds retiring to the north, and the rest southwards.

"They are doing as we supposed they would," said Christophe; "preparing to attack Cap Français and our southern or western towns at once;—perhaps both St. Domingo and Port-au-Prince."

"Be it so: we are ready for them," replied Toussaint. "But now there is no time to lose. To Cotuy, to give our orders, and then all to our posts !"

Once more he took a survey of the vast fleet, in its two divisions, and then spread his arms in the direction of his chief cities, promising the foe to be ready to meet them there. In another moment he was striding down the mountain.

His generals were awaiting him at Cotuy, and the horses of the whole party were saddled.

"The French are come?" they asked.

"The French are come in great force. Fifty-four ships-of-war, carrying probably ten or twelve thousand men."

"We have twenty thousand regular troops," cried Dessalines. "The day of the proud French has arrived!"

L'Ouverture's calm eye checked his exultation.

"Ten or twelve thousand of the élite of the armies of France," said Toussaint, "are sailing along our shores; and large reinforcements may be following. Our twenty thousand troops are untried in the field against a European foe; but our cause is good. Let us be bold, my friends; but the leaders of armies must not be presumptuous."

All uncovered their heads, and waited only his dismissal.

"General Christophe, Cap Français and its district are waiting for you. Let the flames of the city give us notice when the French land."

Christophe embraced his friend, and was gone.

"General Dessalines, to your command in the

west! Preserve your line of messengers from Léogane to my gate at Pongaudin, and let me not want for tidings."

The tramp of Dessalines' horse next died away.

"General La Plume, it is probable that your eye will have to be busier than your hands. You will be ever ready for battle, of course; but remember that I rely on you for every point of the south-west coast being watched, from Léogane round to Aux Cayes. Send your communications through Dessalines' line of scouts."

La Plume withdrew, and Toussaint gazed after him in reverie, till he was out of sight.

"And I?" said Clerveaux, the only general officer now left in attendance.

"Your pardon, General Clerveaux. This your department in the east, is likely at present to remain tranquil, as I forewarned you. I now forewarn you that it may hereafter become the seat of war, when you will have your day. Meantime, I may at any time call upon your reserve; and you will take care that the enemy shall find no solace in your department, if they should visit it. Let it be bare as the desert before them. Farewell! I leave you in command of the east."

Clerveaux made his obeisance with an alacrity which caused Toussaint to say to himself, as he mounted,

"Is he glad that the hour is come, or that his post is in the rear of the battle?"

Toussaint's own road lay homewards, where he had assembled the choicest troops, to be ready for action on any point where they might first be wanted; and where the great body of the cultivators, by whom his personal influence was most needed, were collected under his eye. As he now sped like the lightning through the shortest tracks, his trompettes proclaiming the invasion through all the valleys, and over all the plains as they went, he felt strong and buoyant in heart like the eagle overhead, which was scared from its eyrie in Cibao by the proclamation of war. For ever as he rode, the thought recurred, to fire his soul,

"He is my rival now, and no longer my chief. I am free. It is his own act: but Bonaparte has me for a rival now."

CHAPTER XVI.

MANY GUESTS.

For some weeks after the appearance of the fleet upon the coast, nothing took place which could be called war. Toussaint was resolved not to be the aggressor. Prepared at all points, he waited till those whom he still regarded as his fellow-citizens should strike the first blow. He was the more willing to leave an opening for peace till the last, that he heard that ladies were on board—ladies from the court of France, come to enjoy the delights of this tropical paradise. The sister of Bonaparte, Madame Leclerc, the wife of the commander of the expedition, was there. It seemed scarcely conceivable that she and her train of ladies could have come with any expectation of witnessing such a warfare as, ten years before, had shown how much more savage than the beasts of the forest men may be. It was as little conceivable

that they could expect the negroes to enter into slavery again at a word, after having enjoyed freedom, and held rule for ten years. There must still be hope of peace; and Toussaint spared no effort to preserve it, till the strangers should declare their intentions by some unequivocal act.

For this object, L'Ouverture appeared gifted with ubiquity. No flying Arab was ever in so many places so nearly at once. Pongaudin, like every other estate which was in friendly hands, was a sort of camp. Here the Commander-in-chief and his officers had their head-quarters; and here he was to be found, at intervals of a few hours. During those intervals, he was inspecting the fortifications of St. Marc, one of the strongest places of the island, and under the charge of Dessalines; or he was overlooking the bight of Léogane, from behind Port-au-Prince; or he was visiting L'Etoile, made a strong post, and held by Charles Bellair and his wife (for Deesha would not leave her husband);—or he was riding through the mornes to the north, reanimating, with the sight of his beloved countenance, the companies there held in reserve. He was on the heights of the Gros Morne, an admiring spectator, on occasion of that

act of Christophe which was the real cause of the delay and indecision of Leclerc and his troops.

The main body of the French army was preparing to land, immediately on its arrival at Cap Français, when Christophe sent his friend and brother officer, Sangos, on board the fleet, to acquaint Leclerc with the absence of the Commander-in-chief of the colony, without whose permission the landing of troops could not be allowed. If a landing by force were attempted, the city would immediately be fired, and the inhabitants withdrawn. General Leclerc could not believe this to be more than an empty threat; but thought it as well to avoid risk, by landing in the night at points where he was not looked for. Accordingly, he sent some of his force on shore at Fort Dauphin, to the east; while he himself, with a body of troops, set foot on the fatal coast which he was never to leave, at Le Limbé, on the western side of the ridge which commanded the town, hoping to drop into the military quarter from the heights, before he was looked for. From these heights, however, he beheld the town one mass of fire. Christophe had withdrawn the inhabitants, including two thousand whites, who were to be held as hostages in the in-

terior; and so orderly and well-planned had been his proceedings, that not the slightest personal injury was sustained by any individual. Of this conflagration, Toussaint had been a witness from the heights of Gros Morne. The horror which it occasioned was for the strangers alone. All the moveable property of the citizens was safe in the interior: and they were all safe in person. The dismay was for the French, when they found only a burning soil, tumbling roofs, and tottering walls, where they had expected repose and feasting after the ennui of a voyage across the Atlantic. For the court ladies, there existed at present only the alternative of remaining on board the ships, of which they were heartily weary, and establishing themselves on the barren island of Tortuga, the home of the Buccaneers of former days. They shortly after took possession of Tortuga, which they found to be a tropical region indeed, but no paradise. It was not the best season for turtle; and there was no other of the luxuries whose savour had reached the nostrils of the court of France.

Among the two thousand whites removed from Cap were, of course, the ladies of the convent. They were safely established under shelter of the

fortifications of St. Marc, with all their little comforts about them, and their mocking-bird as tuneful as when hanging in its own orange-tree. Euphrosyne was not with them—nor yet with her guardian. M. Critois had enough to do to protect himself and his lady; and he earnestly desired his ward to be thankful that she had friends among the ruling powers. Euphrosyne needed no commands on this head. She joined Madame Pascal, and was now with her and the secretary in the half-camp, half-household, of Pongaudin.

Besides the family and establishment of the Commander-in-chief, as many of the white gentry of Cap were accommodated as the country-palace of Pongaudin would contain. It seemed doubtful how long they would have to find amusement for themselves there; for the invaders seemed to have fallen asleep. A month had passed since the burning of Cap, and not another step had been taken. Expectation had begun to be weary. The feverish watching for news had begun to relax; the ladies no longer shuddered at the bare idea of walking in the shrubberies; and some of the younger damsels had begun to need warnings from L'Ouverture himself not to go out of bounds,—by no means to

pass the line of sentinels in any direction. Instead of everything French being spoken of with a faltering voice, any one was now welcome who might be able to tell, even at second or third hand, that Madame Leclerc had been seen, and what she wore, and how she looked, and what she had said, either about the colony or anything else. The officers, both civil and military, found themselves able to devote their powers of entertainment more and more to the ladies; and the liability to be called off in the midst of the game of chess, the poem, the song, or the dance, seemed only to make their attentions more precious, because more precarious, than those of the guests who knew themselves to be hostages, and who had abundance of time for gallantry, if only they had had spirits and inclination. Most of the party certainly found the present position of affairs very dull. The exceptions were few. They were poor Génifrède, whose mind was wholly in the past, and before whose eyes the present went forward as a dim dream; her mother and sister, whose faculties were continually on the stretch to keep up, under such circumstances, the hospitalities for which they were pledged to so large a household; the secre-

tary and his bride, who were engrossed at once with the crisis in public affairs and in their own; and Euphrosyne, who could find nothing dull after the convent, and who unconsciously wished that, if this were invasion and war, they might last a good while yet.

One evening, the 8th of February, was somewhat remarkable for L'Ouverture being, not only at home, but at leisure. He was playing billiards with his officers and guests. It followed of course that General Vincent was also present. It followed of course; for whether it was that Toussaint felt the peculiar interest in him which report made observers look for towards an intended son-in-law, or whether the chief distrusted him on account of his fondness for Paris and the First Consul, Vincent was for ever kept under the eye, and by the side of his General. Aimée was wont to sigh when she heard her father's horse ordered; for she knew that Vincent was going too; and she now rejoiced to see her father at the billiard-table; for it told her that Vincent was her own for the evening.

Vincent was not slow in putting in his claim. At the first moment, when they were unobserved, he drew her to the window, where the evening

breeze blew in, fragrant and cool; then into the piazza; then across the lawn; then down to the gate which opened upon the beach. He would have gone further; but there Aimée stopped, reminding him of the general order against breaking bounds.

"That is all very well for the whites; and for us, when the whites have their eyes upon us," said Vincent. "But we are not prisoners; and there is not a prisoner abroad to-night. Come,—only as far as the mangroves! We shall not be missed: and if we should be, we can be within the gate in two minutes."

"I dare not," said Aimée, with a longing look, however, at the pearly sands, and the creaming waves that now overspread them, now lapsed in the gleam of the moon. The dark shadow of the mangroves lay but a little way on. It was true that two minutes would reach them; but she still said, "I dare not."

"Who is there?" cried the sentinel, in his march past the gate.

"No strangers, Claude. Any news on your watch?"

"None, Mademoiselle."

"All quiet over towards St. Marc?" inquired Vincent.

"All quiet there, General; and everywhere else, when the last reports came round, ten minutes ago."

"Very well: pass on, good Claude. Come, come!" he said to Aimée; "who knows when we may have a moonlight hour again?"

He would not bide another refusal, but, by gentle violence, drew her out upon the beach, telling the sentinel, as they passed between him and the water, that if they were inquired for, he might call: they should be within hearing. Claude touched his cap, showed his white teeth in a broad smile, and did not object.

Once among the mangroves, Aimée could not repent. Their arched branches, descending into the water, trembled with every wave that gushed in among them, and stirred the mild air. The moonlight quivered on their dark green leaves, and on the transparent pool which lay among their roots.

"Now, would you not have been sorry if I had not made you ome?" said Vincent.

"If we could only stay,—stay here for ever!"

she exclaimed, leaning back against the bush under which they sat. "Here, amidst the whispering of the winds and the dash of the waters, you would listen no more for the roll of the drum, or the booming of cannon at St. Marc. I am weary of our life at Pongaudin."

"Weary of rumours of wars, before we have the wars themselves, love."

"We can never hear anything of my brothers, while we are on these terms with France. Day after day comes on,—day after day, and we have to toil, and plan, and be anxious; and our guests grow tired; and nothing is done; and we know that we can hear nothing of what we most want to learn. I am certain that my mother spends her nights in tears for her boys: and nothing is so likely to rouse poor Génifrède as the prospect of their coming back to us."

"And you yourself, Aimée, cannot be happy without Isaac."

"I never tried," said she. "I have daily felt his loss, because I wished never to cease to feel it."

"He is happier than you, dearest Aimée."

"Do not tell me that men feel such separations less than women; for I know it well already. I

can never have been so necessary to him as he is to me: I know that well."

"Say 'was,' my Aimée. The time comes when sisters find their brothers less necessary to them than they have been."

"Such a time has never come to me; and I believe it never will. No one can ever be to me what Isaac has been."

"'Has been;'—true. But see how times have changed! Isaac has left off writing to you so frequently as he did"

"No, no. He never did write frequently. It was never his habit to write as I wrote to him."

"Well, well. Whatever expectation may lie at the bottom of this little heart, whatever secret remonstrance for his silence, whatever dissatisfaction with his apologies, whatever mortification that such apologies were necessary, ..."

"How dare you What right have you to pry into my heart?" exclaimed Aimée, withdrawing herself from her companion's side.

"The right of love," he replied, following till both were seated on the very verge of the water. "Can you suppose that I do not see your disappointment when L'Ouverture opens his despatches,

and there is not one of that particular size and fold which makes your countenance change when you see it? Can you suppose that I do not mark your happiness, for hours and days after one of those closely-written sheets has come?—happiness which makes me feel of no account to you;—happiness which makes me jealous of my very brother;—for my brother he is, as he is yours."

"It should not do that," replied Aimée, as she sat looking into the water. "You should not be angry at my being happy. If you have learned so much of my thoughts...."

"Say on! Oh, say on!"

"There is no need," said she, "if you can read the soul without speech, as you seem to profess."

"I read no thoughts but yours; and none of yours that relate to myself. I see at a glance every stir of your love to all besides. If you care for me, I need to hear it from yourself."

"If this quarrel comes to bloodshed, what will become of my brothers? If you love me, tell me that."

"Still these brothers!" cried Vincent, impatiently.

"And who should be inquired of concerning

them, if not you? You took them to France: you left them there"

"I was sent here by Bonaparte,—put on the deputation by his express command. If not, I should not now have been here,—I should have remembered you only as a child, and"

"But Placide and Isaac! Suppose Leclerc and Rochambeau both killed;—suppose Madame Leclerc entering once more into her brother's presence, a mourning widow,—what would Bonaparte do with Placide and Isaac? I am sure you have no comfort to give me, or you would not so evade what I ask."

"I declare, I protest you are mistaken. Bonaparte is everything that is noble, and gracious, and gentle."

"You are sure of that?"

"Nay, why not? Have I not always said so? and you have delighted to hear me say so."

"I should delight to believe it now. I will believe it: but yet, if he were really noble, how should this quarrel have arisen? For, if ever man was noble, and gracious, and gentle, my father is. If two such men come to open defiance, whose is the crime, and wherein does it lie?"

"If the world fall to pieces, Aimée, there can be no doubt of Bonaparte's greatness. What majesty he carries with him, through all his conquests! How whole nations quail under his magnificent proclamations!"

"Are they really fine? I have seen but few; and they . . ."

"Are they not all grand? That proclamation in Egypt, for instance, in which he said he was the Man of Fate who had been foretold in the Koran, and that all resistance was impious and vain! If it had not happened four years before Bonaparte went to Egypt, I should have thought your father . . ."

"I was just thinking of that. But there is a great difference. It was not my father, but Laveaux, who said that the black chief, predicted by Raynal, had appeared. And it was originally said, not as a Divine prophesy, but because, in the natural course of things, the redeemer of an oppressed race must arise. Besides, my father says nothing but what he believes; and I suppose Bonaparte did not believe what he was saying."

"Do you think not? For my part, I believe

his very words,—that to oppose him is impious and vain."

"Heaven pity us, if that be true!—Was it not in that proclamation that Bonaparte said that men must account to him for their secret thoughts, as nothing was concealed from him?"

"Yes; just as L'Ouverture told the mulattoes in the church at Cap that, from the other side of the island, his eye would be upon them, and his arm stretched out, to restrain or punish. He almost reached Bonaparte's strain there."

"I like my father's words the best, because all understood and believed what he said. Bonaparte may claim to read secret thoughts; but before my father, men have no secret thoughts,—they love him so that their minds stand open."

"Then those Italian proclamations, and letters to the Directory," said Vincent,—"how they grew grander, as city after city, and state after state, fell before him! When he summoned Pavia to open her gates to him, after her insurrection, how imperious he was! If he had found that a drop of French blood had been shed, he declared, not a stone of the city should have remained; but a column should arise in its place, bearing the in-

scription, "Here once stood Pavia!" There spoke the man who held the ages in his hand, ready to roll them over the civilised world,—to crumble cities, and overthrow nations, in case of resistance to his will! How Paris rang with acclamations when these words passed from mouth to mouth! He was worshipped as a god."

"It is said," sighed Aimée, "that Leclerc has proclamations from him for our people. I wonder what they are; and how they will be received."

"With enthusiasm, no doubt. When and where has it been otherwise?—You shudder, my Aimée: but, trust me, there is inconceivable folly in the idea of opposing Bonaparte. As he said in Egypt, it is impious and vain. Trust me, love, and decide accordingly."

"Desert my father and my family in their hour of peril! I will not do that."

"There is no peril in the case, love. It is glory and happiness to live under Bonaparte. My life upon it, he will do your father no injury, but continue him in his command, under certain arrangements; and, as for the blacks, they and the whites will join in one common enthusiasm for the conqueror of Europe.—Let us be among the first, my

Aimée! Be mine; and we will go to the French forces,—among my friends there. It is as if we were called to be mediators. It is as if the welfare of your family and the colony were, in a measure, consigned to our hands. Once married, and with Leclerc, how easily may we explain away causes of quarrel! How completely shall we make him understand L'Ouverture! And how, through us, Leclerc can put your father in possession of the views of Bonaparte! O, Aimée, be mine, and let us go!

"And if it were otherwise,—if it came to bloodshed,—to deadly warfare?"

"Then, love, you would least of all repent. Alone and desolate,—parted from your brothers,—parted from me."

"From you, Vincent?"

"Assuredly. I can never unsheath my sword against those to whom my attachment is strong. I can never fight against an army from Paris,—troops that have been led by Bonaparte."

"Does my father know that?"

"He cannot know me if he anticipates anything else. I execute his orders at present, because I admire his system of government, and am anxious that it should appear to the best advantage to the

brother-in-law of the First Consul. Thus, I am confident that there will be no war. But, love, if there should be, you will be parted for ever from your brothers and from me, by remaining here ;— you will never again see Isaac. Nay, nay ! No tears ! no terrors, my Aimée ! By being mine, and going with me to that place where all are happy, to Paris, you will, through my interest, best aid your father; and Isaac and I will watch over you for ever."

" Not a word more, Vincent ! You make me wretched. Not a word more, till I have spoken to my father. He must, he will tell me what he thinks, what he expects, whether he fears. Hark ! There are horsemen !"

" Can it be ? Horsemen approaching on this side ? I will look out."

" No, no ! Vincent, you shall not go—"

Her terror was so great that Vincent could not indeed leave her. As the tramp of a company of horsemen became almost lost on quitting the hard road for the deep sand, he dropped his voice, whispering in her ear that she was quite safe, completely hidden under the mangroves, and that he would not leave her. She clasped his hand with both hers, to

compel him to keep his word, and implored him not to speak, not to shake a leaf of their covert.

The company passed very near; so near as that the sand thrown up by the horses' feet pattered among the foliage of the mangroves. No one of the strangers was then speaking; but in another moment the sentry challenged them. They laughed, and were certainly stopping at the little gate.

"We know your master, fellow," said one. "We have had more talk with him in one day than you in all your service."

"I am sure I ought to know that voice," whispered Aimée, drawing a long breath.

The strangers were certainly intending to pass through the gate into the grounds; and the sentry was remonstrating. In another moment, he fired, as a signal. There was some clamour and laughter, and Aimée started, as at a voice from the grave.

"That is Isaac's voice!" she exclaimed, springing from her seat. It was now Vincent's turn to hold her hands, or she would have been out in the broad moonlight, in an instant.

"Stay, love! Stay one moment," he entreated. "I believe you are right; but let me look out."

She sank down on the sand, while he reconnoitred.

At the moment of his looking forth, a young man who, he was certain, was Placide, was good-humouredly taking the sentry by the shoulders, and pushing him from his place, while saying something in his ear, which made the poor soldier toss his hat in the air, and run forward to meet his comrades, whom the sound of his gun was bringing from every direction, over the sands.

"It is they, indeed," said Vincent. "Your brothers are both there."

While he was speaking, Aimée burst from the covert, made her way miraculously through the gathering horses and men, pushed through the gate, leaving her lover some way behind, flew like a lapwing through the shrubbery, and across the lawn, and was hanging on her brothers' neck before the news of the arrival was understood within the house.

There was no waiting till father and mother could choose where to meet their children. The lads followed the messenger into the salon, crowded as it was with strangers. L'Ouverture's voice was the first heard, after the sudden hush.

"Now, Heaven bless Bonaparte for this!" he cried, "and make him a happy father!"

"Hear him, O God! and bless Bonaparte!" sobbed Margot.

A check was given to their words and their emotions, by seeing by whom the young men were accompanied. Thérèse was leading forward Génifrède, when she stopped short, with a sort of groan, and returned to her seat, forgetful at the moment even of Génifrède; for M. Papalier was there. Other gentlemen were of the company. The one whom the young men most punctiliously introduced to their father was M. Coasson, the tutor, guardian, or envoy, under whose charge General Leclerc had sent them home.

Toussaint offered him a warm welcome, as the guardian of his sons; but M. Coasson himself seemed most impressed with his office of envoy: as did the gentlemen who accompanied him. Assuming the air of an ambassador, and looking round him, as if to require the attention of all present, M. Coasson discharged himself of his commission, as follows.

"General Toussaint . . ."

"They will not acknowledge him as L'Ouverture," observed Thérèse to Madame Pascal and Génifrède. Afra's eyes filled with tears. Géni-

frède was absorbed in contemplating her brothers, —both grown manly, and the one looking the soldier, the other the student.

" General Toussaint," said Coasson, " I come, the bearer of a letter to you from the First Consul."

In his hand was now seen a gold box, which he did not, however, deliver at the moment.

" With it, I am commissioned to offer the greetings of General Leclerc, who awaits with anxiety your arrival at his quarters as his Lieutenant-General."

" Upon what does General Leclerc ground his expectation of seeing me there ? "

" Upon the ground of the commands of the First Consul, declared in his proclamation to the inhabitants of St. Domingo, and, no doubt, more fully in this letter to yourself."

Here he delivered the box, desiring that the presence of himself and his companions might be no impediment to General Toussaint's reading his despatches.

Toussaint had no intention that they should be any hindrance. He read and re-read the letter, while all eyes but those of Aimée were fixed upon his countenance. With an expression of the

quietest satisfaction, she was gazing upon her brothers, unvexed by the presence of numbers, and the transaction of state business. They were there, and she was happy.

Those many eyes failed to discover anything from the countenance of Toussaint. It was immoveable; and M. Coasson was so far disappointed. It had been his object to prevent the despatches which he brought from being read in private, that he might be enabled to report how they were received. He had still another resource. He announced that he had brought with him the proclamation of the First Consul to the inhabitants at large of St. Domingo. As it was a public document, he would, with permission, read it aloud. Toussaint now looked round, to command attention to the words of the Ruler of France. Vincent sought to exchange glances with Aimée; but Aimée had none to spare. M. Papalier had unceremoniously entered into conversation with some of the guests of his own complexion, and did not cease upon any hint, declaring to those about him that none of this was new to him, as he was in the counsels of Bonaparte in all St. Domingo affairs. The tone of their conversation was, however, re-

duced to a low murmur, while M. Coasson read aloud the following proclamation:—

"*Paris, Nov.* 8, 1801.

"INHABITANTS OF ST. DOMINGO.

"Whatever your origin or your colour, you are all French: you are all equal, and all free, before God, and before the Republic.

"France, like St. Domingo, has been a prey to factions, torn by intestine commotions, and foreign wars. But all has changed: all nations have embraced the French, and have sworn to them peace and amity: the French people have embraced each other, and have sworn to be all friends and brothers. Come also, embrace the French, and rejoice to see again your European friends and brothers!

"The government sends you the Captain-General Leclerc. He has brought . . ."

Here M. Coasson's voice and manner became extremely emphatic.

"He has brought sufficient force for protecting you against your enemies, and against the enemies of the Republic. If you are told that these forces are destined to violate your liberties, reply, 'the Republic will not suffer them to be taken from us.'

"Rally round the Captain-General. He brings you abundance and peace. Rally all of you around him. Whoever shall dare to separate himself from the Captain-General will be a traitor to his country; and the indignation of the country will devour him, as the fire devours your dried canes.

"Done at Paris," &c.

"This document is signed, you will perceive," said M. Coasson, "by the First Consul, and by the Secretary of State, M. H.B. Maret."

Once more it was in vain to explore the countenance of L'Ouverture. It was still immoveable. He extended his hand for the document, saying that he would retire with his secretary, for the purpose of preparing his replies for the First Consul, in order that no such delays might take place on his part, as the date of the letter and proclamation showed to have intervened on the other side. Meantime, he requested that M. Coasson, and all whom he had brought in his company, would make themselves at home in his house: and, turning to his wife and family, he commended his newly arrived guests to their hospitality. With a passing smile and greeting to his sons, he was

about to leave the room with M. Pascal, when M. Coasson intimated that he had one thing more to say.

"I am directed, General Toussaint," said he, "in case of your refusal to join the French forces immediately, to convey your sons back to the guardianship of the Captain-General Leclerc: and it will be my duty to set out with them at dawn."

A cry of anguish broke forth from Margot, and Placide was instantly by her side.

"Fear nothing," said Toussaint to her, in a tone which once more fixed all eyes upon him. His countenance was no longer unmoved. It was convulsed, for a moment, with passion. He was calm in his manner, however, as he turned to M. Coasson, and said,

"Sir, my sons are at home. It rests with myself and with them, what excursions they make henceforth."

He bowed, and left the room with M. Pascal.

END OF VOL. II.

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